



How much I Loved Thee!





Class _____

Book _____

By bequest of
William Lukens Shoemaker

Compare pp. 56 and 57
with the opening lines of
the 5th act, of the
Merchant of Venice

Literary World
Nov. 15, p. 390

HOW MUCH I LOVED THEE!

A DRAMA.

*"The pathway of His providence
Is on the hills where I may never climb."*

—DR. HOLLAND.

Henry Ames B. Book



FOR COPIES APPLY TO

RAYMOND ESHOBEL,

1449 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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W. L. Shoemaker

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To
MY MOTHER,
I INSCRIBE
"HOW MUCH I LOVED THEE!"

PREFACE.

SHOULD any of the real actors in this drama of love and sorrow be still alive, as is not improbable in view of the brief twenty years, or thereabout, which have elapsed since the period of the occurrences detailed in the verse which follows (and as I have on other grounds good reason to suppose) and should they recognize themselves under the thin veil of their altered names, they will, I am sure, pardon the liberty which the author has taken to preserve, in so inadequate a fashion, some memory of the sad episode in the general history of the late war, of which they formed a part.

If any such are yet living, and had before been unaware of it, they may not be surprised to learn, though far from the scene at present, that the stately mansion where most of these events took place is now believed by half its neighborhood (and especially by the colored race) to be veritably haunted. No action of its present owners, on whose hands it now lies, rather unprofitable property, has so far been able to dispel this belief.

It would give me much satisfaction if I could learn from any reliable source the real nationality of the man Ricardo, since at the time in which he figures here no one was able to determine it. Some conjectured, and perhaps rightly, that he himself was not morally certain of the

place of his origin, though this and the other person declared that various good reasons prevented his disclosing the particulars of his career.

Few encounters like the duel here described have lately taken place; and it is hoped by the more sober-going part of the community that the affair witnessed near Richmond during the summer of the year 1883 may prove to be the last. It may be recalled that the parties to this duel were well-known editors of that city; and that the life of the elder was for some days placed in jeopardy by the superior luck of his antagonist.

Sad enough it seems that lovers and friends like Anderton, Eudora, Bryan, should perish from our sight in the bloom of youth! But are they dead? "Call me not dead," says a charming Olympian—

"Call me not dead when I indeed have gone
Into the company of the ever living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made! Say—'He at last hath won
Release and rest, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces:
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats and known him by his eyes:
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakspeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton, or Dante looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill.'"

RAYMOND ESHOBEL.

1449 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANDERTON, *a captain of the army.*

BRYAN, *a lieutenant.*

CHARTERIS, *a surgeon.*

RICARDO, *an adventurer.*

BENDIX, }
JOSEPH, } *soldiers.*
YORK, }

PEYTON, *a rich Virginian.*

ROSS, *a citizen.*

POOR PARLOW, *an imbecile.*

BRAMBLE, *servant of Anderton.*

PEPS, *servant of Bryan.*

DICK, }
JOHNSON, } *colored servants.*
JIM, }

A Clergyman.

A Boatman.

EUDORA, *the adopted daughter of Peyton.*

BLANCHE, *aunt of Eudora.*

LUCINDA, *a lady's maid.*

AFRICAINE, *a servant.*

Citizens, Soldiers, Musicians, Guests, Officers of Justice, etc.

SCENE: *The City of Washington and the State of Virginia.*

PROLOGUE.

BETWEEN the night and morning, on a street
In Washington, two soldiers enter; both
Well set in drink to stir the broil that follows;
And in their quarrel show the story's date:
At last upon the scene comes Anderton,
A brave young Captain who, for noted cause,
Has bid farewell to Cupid and dreams only
Of honor and high deeds: but ere the end
Of my first canto, you shall see the zeal
Of war consumed in the fierce flames of love.
Meantime, in one Ricardo, you will meet
The villain of the piece; and what he schemes
And brings to pass, the second part will show;
And then, what follows, would you wish to know,
You need but read the story that remains:—
And let me hope it will be worth your pains.

HOW MUCH I LOVED THEE!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Washington. A street—moonlight.*

Enter BENDIX and JOSEPH.

BENDIX.

What is the light for on the Capitol?

JOSEPH.

It shows the Senate is in session.

BENDIX.

The devil! I wish I were a senator,
To lounge upon a comfortable chair
And make the laws for rascals.

JOSEPH.

You make laws?
Bendix make laws? Ho, ho! When that day comes,
Blind men must be astronomers; and deaf
And dumb, town-criers. You a senator!

BENDIX.

Yes, Joe, I'd give a trifle if I were,
For all the senators go home to-morrow,
While we, poor fools, must on to Richmond.

JOSEPH.

Well?

BENDIX.

Well, do you say? And is it well I lose
The sweetest lips that ever kissed a man?
See, Joe, she sewed this (*showing a handkerchief*)
with her own fair hands,
And swore me on it never to forget her!
Mark how she waves! God bless you, Poll!—
Halloa, 'tis she! Look, where she lights the window!
This is her house: I'll serenade her. Come,
Heave me a song rebellious as the devil!
Here goes!

[Sings.]

“ In Dixie Land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land.”

JOSEPH.

Hold on! hold on! Put wheel-grease in your throat!
You'll start the roosters crowing round the world.

BENDIX and JOSEPH (*singing*).

“ Den I wish I was in Dixie. Hooray! hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll took my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie:
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.”

Enter Ross on a balcony.

ROSS.

Ho, there, you blacker traitors than the night,
Your songs are poison to my children's ears!
Home with you both! This is no rebel's house.

BENDIX.

No rebel's house ? But, sir, it is a ruffian's:
Too small a house, though, for so great an ass;
Too good a house for such a devilish fool;
Too high a house for such a low-bred master.

ROSS.

I wish you were as good a man yourself.

BENDIX.

Come down, sir, and I'll prove myself a better!

JOSEPH (*to BENDIX*).

O bah! let up; your woman is not here.

[*Crowd collects : windows thrown up.*

ROSS.

I am not in my clothes or I would maul you.

BENDIX.

For shame to be in other people's clothes!
Yet any rogue's would fit you.

CROWD.

Ha! ha! ha!

ROSS.

Vile vagabond! Ho, Matthew, some police!

MATTHEW (*at a window*).

Good lack, sir! I could find more blueberries
In January.

[*Disappears.*

JOSEPH (*to BENDIX*).

Wilt fight ?

BENDIX.

Of course we'll fight,
But not against the odds.

ROSS.

Rosanne! my gun!

BENDIX.

Rosanne! Rosanne! my popgun!

CROWD.

Good!

ROSS.

Bring down
The cartridge-box!

BENDIX.

That I may box your ears.

CROWD.

Ho, ho! ha, ha!

ROSS.

Curst villain!

Enter Two Policemen.

FIRST POLICEMAN.

What's the matter?

BENDIX.

That man upon the balcony is either
Crazy or drunk.

SECOND POLICEMAN.

You, sir, I fear, are both:
We know the gentleman on the balcony.

BENDIX.

I dare say, then, he is an old offender.

SECOND POLICEMAN.

Not so: his name is Ross, a worthy man,
A well-known citizen.

BENDIX.

His name is Ross?

Well, now, if I had known his name was Ross—

FIRST POLICEMAN.

What then?

BENDIX.

I should not then have called him Ass.

FIRST POLICEMAN.

Come, sir, you trifle; you must go with us.

JOSEPH.

But we are soldiers: we can stand our ground.

[*Drives out First Policeman with his bayonet.*]

BENDIX (*to Second Policeman*).

Now, man, I am for you!

[*Policeman retreats springing his rattle; Ross aims his gun at BENDIX. Enter BRYAN with Soldiers.*]

BRYAN.

Put down that gun!

ROSS.

Your men here have been shouting rebel songs.

BRYAN.

What villain lie is that! How dare you, sir,
Level your piece upon a Union soldier?

Such men as you it is that keep the city
In a perpetual broil. For you it is
That we have left our homes, our wives and children,
To crush the vipers of your hot rebellion;
Some in cold graves to sleep, some in warm shrouds,
Enriching with our bones your traitor soil;
Some to be burned with pestilential fire;
Some to be mangled out of human shape;
Some to be thrown to crows and some to dogs;
Some driven forth upon a barren life,
With neither eye to see nor hand to feel
What meagre dole the world calls charity:
Ay, sir, and some with alien minds, to stare
Expressionless, forgetting the old time,
Playmates and friends, neighbors and kith and kin,
Dear mother and sweet home.

ROSS.

Upon my soul,
You have most wretchedly mistaken me:
I am a Union man.

BRYAN.

You are a liar,
Whatever else. I know the terms you keep,
Your quips and quibbles and your reservations:
You should be spitted on a bayonet.
But I have marked your house. To-morrow night
You sleep at the Old Capitol.

ROSS.

Good sir!

BRYAN.

Get in to bed! I'll come for you to-morrow.

[Exit Ross.

Enter other Policemen; a rabble following.

THIRD POLICEMAN.

What brawl is this ?

BRYAN.

One that needs you not,
Since I have quelled it.

Enter ANDERTON.

ANDERTON.

What, Lieutenant Bryan,
Is this a tumult of our soldiers' making ?

BRYAN.

No, Captain Anderton, unless the bird
Is guilty of the gun that kills it; no!
I say thus much, that, coming up the street,
I saw a wretch, there, on that balcony,
Who made this man his target, envious,
No doubt, of Jackson's fame, who killed brave Ells-
worth:

And when I taunted him, the brazen traitor
Swore on the man such a transparent lie—
How he had heard him shouting rebel songs,
The wonder is I did not shoot him down.
This Bendix I well know; an honest man
And a brave soldier.

ANDERTON.

I dare say; but this man,
He who lives here, is not a bit less loyal:

The trouble is, he has no sense of music:
The rapture of a very angel's harp
Might seem to him the rattling of a drum:
Take, then, your honest friend along; and say
No more.

[Distant martial music.]

Enter Boy.

BOY.

A regiment! a regiment!

[Exeunt all but ANDERTON.]

Enter CHARTERIS.

ANDERTON.

Why, doctor, what can bring you out so early?

CHARTERIS.

Good news.

ANDERTON.

Good news? yet not a victory?

CHARTERIS.

A woman's victory! The colonel's wife
Has played so well the batteries of her eyes,
Our regiment will stay.

ANDERTON.

What! in the city?

And call you this good news, to rust in camp,
With drooping banners? What's here to do save
merely
To strut and mince and card and compliment,
Lift veils and play with fans and be the fools

Of tailors ? Pah, I'd rather mess with hens,
Or swear allegiance to a mocking-bird!
Could you but dream how vexed I am! Great Heaven!
A regiment is made a woman's toy.

CHARTERIS.

Ah, did you know the woman that I know,
You'd make no quarrel with remaining here!
There lives a lady in this Washington,
So drest in grace, her very sight will kindle
The brightest torch that ever lit your soul:
To see her is to love her; nay, it is
To love for the last time; for she once seen,
Once loved, you cannot love again.

ANDERTON.

You make me smile; I am too sad to laugh;
I have known love, but now my soul is ashes,
And ashes will not burn.

CHARTERIS.

If seeing this lady you lose not your heart—

ANDERTON.

No more! I'll go with you. Here, in my hilt,
There sleeps a diamond that sometimes mocks
The morning-star. Find in me so much love
As goes to fetching of a single sigh,
This child of light shall serve you till you die.

CHARTERIS.

Lord save the man who thinks him Cupid-proof.

ANDERTON.

One moonless night I stood upon the deck
Of a departing steamer, near the pier;
When, on a sudden, from the landing came
A woman's voice; and when I tell you
I sought through half the world, for years, to hear
Those tones again, it need be thought no wonder
I made an oath to wed no talking thing
Unless the rich possessor of that voice.
High on the pier a lantern swung, revealing
A fair young face, now faded like a dream.
There spoke a woman that I might have loved.
Ah me! what fate, what land, what envied sea
Can hold her?

CHARTERIS.

You made an oath, you say,
That you would never wed with talking thing,
Unless with her? Know, then, to marry her
Whom I shall show you, need not break your oath:
Eudora's voice is only silence.

ANDERTON.

Dumb?

And I who all these desperate years have lived
On the mere memory of a woman's voice,
What should I have to do with lips that may
Not speak? No, doctor, you shall be the one
To fall in love! O yes, by all the Graces!

CHARTERIS.

I have a little woman in the north,
Constant as yonder star.

ANDERTON.

God bless you both!
But, my dear doctor, your wife is not dumb?

CHARTERIS.

No, not that I have heard: she has her faults,
But dumbness is not one. Now, then, good-bye!

ANDERTON.

And peace go with you!

CHARTERIS.

To-morrow night, remember,
I lead you to your destiny. Good-bye!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Washington. Salon in the house of Madam
BLANCHE. The river visible from an open window.*

Enter BLANCHE and BRYAN.

BRYAN.

Where is Eudora?

BLANCHE.

At the river-side.

BRYAN.

The river-side? No, no; I dreamed, last night,
You rushed into my room like one distracted,
Crying, "Eudora's drowned!" Is she alone?

BLANCHE.

She went alone.

BRYAN.

You have no fears for her?

BLANCHE.

The water is no deeper than a brook.
Besides, the visions of the night are half
Wrought out from pictures of the day; and so
Your dream was, doubtless.

BRYAN.

That may be, indeed,
For yesterday I read what Plutarch says
Of Cleopatra's barge.

BLANCHE.

And so, you see,
Cydnus became Potomac; Cleopatra,
Eudora.

BRYAN,

Yes? I also dreamed she cried
In vain for help.

BLANCHE.

Truly, a senseless dream,
You knowing that Eudora cannot speak.

[Distant music.]

BRYAN.

What music may that be?

BLANCHE.

It is a band
Extempore, that plays against the ball;
And you shall hear it.

BRYAN.

No, I dare not stay:
I'll follow to the river; I have known
The unlikeliest dreams come true.

BLANCHE.

By all means, go!
[Exit BRYAN.]

Enter LUCINDA.

LUCINDA.

O madam, madam, madam!

BLANCHE.

What's the matter?

LUCINDA.

I have no legs to stand, no breath to breathe:
Eudora! O Eudora!

BLANCHE.

She is not here.

LUCINDA.

Ah me! I knew that we should have no ball
To-morrow night. Ah me!

BLANCHE.

Is it possible
Such fears can work upon you so? For shame!

LUCINDA.

More like, I thought, 'twould be a funeral.

BLANCHE.

Lucinda, I have long since feared your wits
Were much inclined to say good-bye to you.

LUCINDA.

Come to the window; you shall see the soldiers,
The litter and the burden!

BRYAN (*without*).

This is the house.

BLANCHE (*at the window*).

It is her dress; her face: she's drowned, she's
drowned!

*Enter several Citizens, white and colored, of both sexes, Soldiers
and Musicians.*

FIRST MUSICIAN.

She is not dead?

SECOND MUSICIAN.

If she is,—which God forbid!—we might as well
hang up our fiddles; but she opened her eyes once or
twice.

FIRST MUSICIAN.

It's not so rare, this turning of waltzes into dirges.

FIRST CITIZEN.

There was a smile on her face. She seemed to me
almost conscious of what had passed.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I heard her speak.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Is it common for the dumb to speak?

[Laughter.

Enter BRYAN.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Three cheers for Lieutenant Bryan!

BRYAN.

No, friends, it was not I who saved her: keep all your praise for Captain Anderton! Go, Dick, find Anderton, see that he has the best of tendance.

DICK.

Yes, sah.

[Exit DICK.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Did you hear the lady speak?

BRYAN.

I am sorry to say the lady cannot speak.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I would to God I were as sure of my salvation as I am that I heard her speak.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

Cap'n Anderton's on de avenue, in a great crowd, 'splainin' de affair.

[Exit

FIRST CITIZEN.

Come, we must hear him!

[*Exeunt all.*]

Enter BENDIX and RICARDO.

RICARDO.

As for this paragon of all men's tongues,
Her best of merit is, she has no tongue.

BENDIX.

Amen to that, Mr. Ricardo! Amen!

RICARDO.

I pray to God the pretty thing's not dead.

BENDIX.

I would you prayed so for the love of her.

RICARDO.

I would you prated for the love of her.
I grant she is a wonder, but what of it?
Women are women, after all is said:
Faithful, 'tis true; most faithful to their mirrors;
Charming, 'tis true; most charming to their lovers;
Loving, 'tis true; most loving to their cousins;
Grateful, 'tis true; most grateful to the devil:
All these fine qualities I freely grant.

BENDIX.

What are they to their husbands?

RICARDO.

They are wives.

BENDIX.

Yet some men think them angels.

RICARDO.

And that some
Are poets, lunatics and fools.

BENDIX.

Amen!

But others think them devils.

RICARDO.

Do devils lack reason? Let me ask you—

BENDIX.

I am certain not.

RICARDO.

Are they not constant?

BENDIX.

I presume they are.

RICARDO.

Have devils passion?

BENDIX.

No, they're always cool.

RICARDO.

Do devils paint and powder?

BENDIX.

I am sure not.

RICARDO.

And do they puff and frizz?

BENDIX.

I quite believe not.

RICARDO.

And pinch themselves together ?

BENDIX.

I should hope not.

RICARDO.

How then can women be compared to them ?

BENDIX.

I think because they make it hot for men.

RICARDO.

That is well said ; but some are only peevish,
Or discontented : that is the better sort.
Observe, I do not praise them ; would not praise :
He that would mar a woman, let him praise her !

BENDIX.

But he who'd keep one good as she can be—

RICARDO.

Must surely keep her under lock and key ;
And hang a stick upon his mantel-tree.

BENDIX.

I hope you'll never marry.

RICARDO.

But I must.

BENDIX.

Or, if you do, it will not be Eudora.

RICARDO.

Bah, do not think that I would practise this !
'Twould not be worth the pains. You asked me,
sir—

But go below and nose me out the news!
Dispraise in every way, in all their ears,
This Bryan, for I know he keeps both you
And me, sir, in the shadow; and I hate him
Worse than a grave.

BENDIX.

Ay, ay; leave me for that.

RICARDO.

And tell me if you see, within three hours,
A flock of crows go by; and which way flying!

BENDIX.

What sign will that be?

RICARDO.

It's no matter what.

Step down ! Come to my lodgings after !

BENDIX.

Well,

I will go down.

[*Exit.*]

RICARDO (*soliloquizing*).

Ricardo, thou must live;
Thy back must feel its velvet, and thy legs
Be curled upon a reasonable horse:
But now, betwixt these things and thy poor corpus,
Yawns a vile gulf; and by the very cross,
Didst thou not fear the devil, thou mightst hurl
Bryan's damned carcass down that very gap!
But thou art not an ass, good friend of mine,

And with thy proper eyes hast thou beheld
The only to be dreaded One, three times
In Lima. No, my friend, my best of friends,
Not quite canst thou afford to dress thy soul
In hell-fire; but by the Eternal Sin,
So I can find a tool, one I can trust,
One who dare sell his— What, a man there?

Enter Ross.

ROSS.

Ask your pardon !

RICARDO.

No need, sir; I was taking, only taking
A little exercise.

ROSS.

Have I the honor ?

Is this the Lord Ricardo ?

RICARDO.

That is my name.

ROSS.

Be you the judge, then, since you have, they tell me,
Protected, in some sort, one Bendix.

RICARDO.

Ah, yes !

ROSS.

Well, sir, I know, sir, 'spite his indigo,
He's a black rebel.

RICARDO.

What's your evidence ?

ROSS.

Read that; it is my deposition!

RICARDO (*reading*).

Last night! Ah, ha! So, so! sings rebel songs!
I'll keep the paper. Be assured, good sir,
I have an eye on him; and for the present,
Let that suffice! It's clear he has abused you;
But, sir, in this world satisfaction often
Comes quicker by delay. See me again!

ROSS.

Be sure I will, sir!

[*Exit.*

RICARDO.

One other grip on Bendix!

I would to Heaven the fool were some less coward,
So I might use him in this devilish matter.
Foxes and magpies! I can trust no man!
Even myself might botch the fearful business;
Yet that would leave no peacher's tongue behind:
But ah, 'twould leave hell-pains; and what they are,
I can imagine I should have no mind to.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter JOHNSON *whistling*; *afterward*, DICK.

JOHNSON.

Rag! mat! How dare you run on a gentleman in
that manner?

DICK.

Never mind, sah!

JOHNSON.

But I do! Come back here and apologize!

DICK.

Dogon't, sah, if I will, to any black nigger in de Christendom, sah. You's nuthin' but a contryband, anyhow, sah.

JOHNSON.

How dare you insult the superior cook of this establishment, you wretched polisher of what your betters tread on! Answer me, broom-brush!

DICK.

You ole paste-diamond, ruffle-shirt, shinyboot, I was de runner for dis yere house, yars ago, long afo' you ever set your black heel in dis capitol, sah.

JOHNSON.

Are you now running an errand for Mistress Blanche, you sooty monster?

DICK.

It's gwine to de apothecary's, sah, for life an' deff; for de salts pneumonia, sah.

JOHNSON.

Vanish, then, or I wipe my boots on you! Next time, remember! Get on, I say!

DICK (*starting to run*).

You is de devil's own pot-hook, sah.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHARTERIS *and* ANDERTON.

CHARTERIS.

When first you saw her she had on a veil ?

ANDERTON.

But, on a sudden, the light India gauze
Was lifted in the wind, revealing her.
O, not an atom of my incarnate being
But seemed the eagerest to be most near her;
And every disk of blood rushed by the others,
Thrilling foremost to meet her! That little breeze
Changed my life's course, and blew me on a voyage
Whose haven will be life or death for me.

CHARTERIS.

And irresistibly you followed her ?

ANDERTON.

I followed her with my eyes; I saw her walk,
As if enchanted by the river scene,
Toward the false edge of the deserted wharf;
The rest is like a dream: but she was saved.

CHARTERIS.

Our fates come round so strangely in this world:
A day since you had neither seen nor thought
To see her.

ANDERTON.

But in that most precious time
I have demanded her of awful Death :
Angels enough there are in heaven without her;
She lies there now, most peacefully asleep
In her enchanted chamber.

CHARTERIS.

Ah, you should see her paint upon the air
The words she cannot speak!

ANDERTON.

Is it possible?
Is this the wonder who you said was dumb?

CHARTERIS.

The very one to marry whom I said
Need break not that preposterous oath of yours
Never to wed with any talking thing
Save with the owner of a certain voice.

Enter BLANCHE and LUCINDA.

BLANCHE.

O doctor, doctor,—and you, also, captain,—
Prepare to doubt your ears!

LUCINDA.

Yet thanks to Heaven!

CHARTERIS.

Strange to thank Heaven for doubting of our ears!

BLANCHE.

Eudora's waked.

CHARTERIS.

How very singular!

BLANCHE.

And she is praying.

LUCINDA.

Before the Virgin.

ANDERTON.

'Tis well.

BLANCHE.

Why, gentlemen, is it not the strangest thing
That ever happened ?

CHARTERIS.

It seems not strange to me.

BLANCHE.

Then there is nothing strange. How often, pray,
Has your experience known the dumb to speak ?

ANDERTON.

Speak!

CHARTERIS.

Speak! What do you mean ?

BLANCHE.

Did we not tell you
Eudora's voice had come ? Did we not tell you
That she could speak ? that she was praying ?

CHARTERIS.

You told us she was praying; and you said
"Before the Virgin;" not that she could speak.
An idea strikes me; I must note it down.

[Writes.

To cure the dumb, best way is to half-drown them.

BLANCHE.

You think it was the shock that cured her, then ?

CHARTERIS.

No doubt of it.

LUCINDA.

Well, then, I favor shocks.

BLANCHE.

Eudora's first wish now is to pour out
Her deepest gratitude to him who saved her :
Pray you, come in!

ANDERTON.

I will obey her wish,
Only to tell her that all thanks are mine.
Farewell!

[Exit.]

BLANCHE.

And you, too, doctor.

CHARTERIS.

Thank you, madam!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A salon in the same house. EUDORA kneeling
before a picture of the Virgin.*

Enter ANDERTON, pausing on the threshold.

EUDORA.

And I, alas! what can I give to thee
For this great gift which thou hast given me?

ANDERTON.

O Heaven, it is that voice, that very voice!

EUDORA.

Thou hast informed my lips; and now, I pray,
Inform my heart what language it shall say!
O kindest Mother, can I yield thee less
Than all I am, my hopes, my happiness,
My days, my nights?—

ANDERTON.

Can I more hear and yet
Command my tongue?—Eudora!

[She rises and advances.]

EUDORA.

My preserver!
O sir, what more, what better can I call you?

ANDERTON.

Call me plain Anderton! (*Takes her hands.*) And O,
I beg you,
I do beseech you, listen! Years ago,
Seven years ago it was this very night,
I heard your voice; it could have been no other:
Only to find the owner of that voice,
I sought through half the world, but never once
Until to-night have heard it. I had sworn
That I would never wed with talking thing
Unless with her whose magic tongue so thrilled me:—
Nay, nay; why speak I thus? why look you so?
I have offended you.

EUDORA.

No, Anderton,
(For this you let me call you,) do not think

So frank a speech unwelcome; but, in truth,
It must have been some other tongue you heard.

ANDERTON.

Seven years ago, upon a steamboat-landing,
Not far from here, you laughed and talked at mid-
night,
With friends who went on shore.

EUDORA.

Ah yes, true friends!

That very night the fever came upon me,
Which left me dumb. But ah, why speak of this?
I have so many thanks for your devotion,
Long life were short to pay them.

ANDERTON.

O, say not so, since to the saving you
I owe the crown of all my happiness,
Whose jewel beggars the wide world besides!
I pray, Eudora, do not look so cold;
This is no sudden suit! O, do not say
That I have sought you all these years in vain!
For even as a pilgrim, who had come
In olden days with burning heart and hand,
Fighting his way to far Jerusalem,
Only to fall before the holy shrine,
So yearns my soul to you. Upon my knees,
Let me entreat that I may be to you
Lover and slave and worshipper and husband!
Still, still you pause: ah, there is hope in that!
A tear! I see a tear upon your cheek:
Say not the meaning if it mean regret!

EUDORA.

O Anderton, I doubt not of your truth
And honor and all gentle qualities;
Yet this your suit, though seeming long to you,
Remember, is but very brief to me.

ANDERTON.

You give me hope, Eudora ?

EUDORA.

Let us all hope!

ANDERTON.

Those blessed words might flatter from their rounds
The stars, if they could hear, the very stars,
Making them wander in a sweet confusion.

EUDORA.

But do not hope too much!

ANDERTON.

Nay, this is cruel!

EUDORA.

O Anderton, it is not meant to be!
When you surprised me here—for truly, sir,
I had not thought so very soon to see you—
I was in act of giving up to God
All that I am and am to do, or be,
Wedding the service of pure maidenhood.

ANDERTON.

If you had made this holy vow, Eudora,
It were enough. I'd ask your leave this night

To call you "Love," and with to-morrow dawn
Would straight away and leave you here alone;
And I should try, should try, I say, to live:
But what would my life be?

EUDORA.

Away ? away ?

Surely you would not leave me! By these tears
Do you not see my very heart is touched ?
Leave me ? O Anderton, you must not leave me!

ANDERTON.

And you, Eudora, do you not perceive
This vow would take you quite away from me ?
O, let me ask, must not a wife love God
More than a maiden can ? And yet, Eudora,
If you have made a solemn vow to Heaven,
Perish my happiness, my life, my all,
Before I help you break it! Never would I
Besmirch the purity of your sweet oath,
Nor any seal of Heaven would I undo;
But if your wishes rhymed not with your words,
If in your soul there nested but one doubt
God would approve this pledge of maidenhood,
Then will I risk my hopes of joy beyond
To have you feel it was an icy vow,
Unhonored and unblest where angels live.

EUDORA.

God guide me, Anderton! and so farewell
Until to-morrow.

ANDERTON.

Shall no more be said ?

EUDORA.

No more, to-night, I beg you.

ANDERTON.

If it must be,
Why then, what can I do but say farewell?
How fearful sad a word is this "farewell,"
I never dreamed before. To-morrow, say you?
Who knows that we shall ever see to-morrow?

EUDORA.

If love give life, are we not sure to live?
To-morrow evening, just before the ball,
We may come here together.

ANDERTON.

How far away
That sounds! it seems to me a thousand years:
In that long time kingdoms might rise and fall.
'Twill be an age before the morning breaks,
A long, dark age; and then a darker one
Before sun sets. Less time could build a world
As joyful and as sorrowful as this.

LUCINDA (*without*).

Eudora!

EUDORA.

Hark, it is Lucinda's voice!
Yes, I am coming! Did you hear her call?

ANDERTON.

I heard harsh lips profaning your dear name;
But I will go; nor need you say farewell,

Since I shall fare most ill. Better—*adieu*,
For that entreats us to the care of God.

EUDORA.

All Heaven be with you till to-morrow night!

ANDERTON.

Before to-morrow night it cannot be,
But then it may; and in that glorious hope
I'll rest as Christians do before they die.

LUCINDA (*without*).

Eudora!

EUDORA.

Yes, I am coming. Shall I go?

ANDERTON.

No, I will go; and, not to wound my ears,
I'll only whisper to your hand farewell.

[*Kisses her hand.*

'Twill be so long before to-morrow night,
We shall not know each other when we meet.

EUDORA.

Nay, Anderton, true love should keep us young!

ANDERTON.

O, never in all time have joy and sorrow
So smiled and frowned as they will do to-morrow!

[*Exit.*

[EUDORA seeks the picture and kneels with clasped hands.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A salon in the house of Madam BLANCHE.**Enter PEPS and RICARDO*

RICARDO.

I presume that, being the so-called servant, or more properly, as I may say, the right-hand man of Bryan, you knew this Ross affair from top to bottom.

PEPS.

All I know is that the drunken man's name was Bendix. I have no memory ; something's gone here.
[*Pointing to his forehead.*]

RICARDO.

No more ? Well, Peps, I wish you good-morning.
[*Exit.*]

Enter BRAMBLE.

PEPS.

Just in season, Bramble, to be out of season ! You've missed the Baron.

BRAMBLE.

What will the great man have now ?

PEPS.

The story of the Ross—yes, the Ross matter. What do you think he calls you ? Anderton's *attaché* !

BRAMBLE.

Things wont last always.

PEPS.

He told me, too, about the Butterfly Ball. By the way, Bramble, that countersign to-night : what is it ?

BRAMBLE.

“Papilio,” I told you.

PEPS.

“Papilio”? “papilio”? I can’t remember that.

BRAMBLE.

I said “papilio”; and now, again, “papilio.”

PEPS.

Is that the name of some general ?

BRAMBLE.

No, faith! but it’s a general name : it means a butterfly.

PEPS.

I’m afraid, when I come to give the countersign, I shall say “butterfly” and not “papilio.”

BRAMBLE.

Whistle it ! sing it ! draw it out thus : “pa-peel-ye-ō” !

PEPS.

Pa-peel-ye-ō ! How draws that ?

BRAMBLE.

King Bull-frog should have had that voice. But will you go ?

[*Exeunt.**Enter* BLANCHE and CHARTERIS.

BLANCHE.

Is not the butterfly a kind of miller ?

CHARTERIS.

The boldest one that ever tolled for sweets.

BLANCHE.

I do not mean a miller, but a moth.

CHARTERIS.

Moths are the butterflies that soar betwixt
The night and morning ; and most rich they are :
And then there is another pretty sort,
Handmaidens only to the twilight stars,
And these the learned call sphinxes. Thus you see,
That I might have the ball you give to-night
Mean something, I sent on to all the mercers
For pattern coats and gowns of all my moths
And butterflies ; and they have matched a portion.

BLANCHE.

Yet, as I hear, your city of New York
Surrenders on demand. This letter says
Your moths and butterflies have numerous tints
Her silks and satins will by no means match.

CHARTERIS.

This is a lesson I would have them learn :
Papilio is immortal. Towns and cities

Go down betimes. What makes the wind so sad
But thinking on the cities which have been,
Above whose graves he is condemned to roam ?
What makes Papilio so light of heart
But that she knows her other name is Psyche,
And she must fly within the light of stars
When crowns and sceptres have been lost in ashes ?
Therefore I say, All hail, Papilio !
All hail thou brighter bird, thou wingèd flower !

BLANCHE.

Lover of nectar and the day's clear beams !

CHARTERIS.

Prince of the spring and monarch of the summer !

BLANCHE.

Dear cousin of the tulip and the rose !

CHARTERIS.

Child of the sun and darling of the air !

BLANCHE.

'Tis thine, Papilio, to lead the dance
Upon the village green, the dance of life;
To make the cold-eyed cowslip amorous,
And turn the heads of matron flowers with love!

CHARTERIS.

And now, good madam, by your gracious leave,
My human moths and butterflies might pass
Across your vision, there, as in a glass.

BLANCHE.

Well, then, magician, you shall have my leave.

CHARTERIS.

This flowering almond I will make my wand :
Papilio, flit thou forth !

[Enter, dancing to the sound of distant music, the Guests of the approaching Ball masked and habited as moths and butterflies ; their wings (of moderate dimensions) fastened at the shoulders. They dance at the rear of the stage. EUDORA seen among them.]

BLANCHE.

Bravo, my friend !
What butterfly is that of clouded yellow ?

CHARTERIS.

Why, "Clouded Yellow" is itself her name.

BLANCHE.

And that in royal purple pranked with white ?

CHARTERIS.

It is the "Emperor."

BLANCHE.

And she so mottled
Of browns and reds with whom the "Emperor"
dances ?

CHARTERIS.

That is the "Painted Lady," the "Belle Dame";
She dines in Asia, sups in Africa,
Sports in America ; and, for aught I know,
Sleeps in Elysium.

BLANCHE.

And what is she
Who apes the purple, and whose every wing
Is gorgeous with an eye ?

CHARTERIS.

That is the Queen
"Vanessa Iō," "Omnium Regina."

BLANCHE.

And what is he who leads her in the dance,
Whose coat outglories all the woods of autumn?

CHARTERIS.

That is the "Admiral."

BLANCHE.

And what is he
So like a leopard marked?

CHARTERIS.

That's one who flies
In the black air, when good folks are asleep :
It is the "Tiger-Moth."

BLANCHE.

And there is one
Most heavenly blue.

CHARTERIS.

That is the "Fighting Argus";
Next, in bright yellow, is the "Brimstone Beau."

BLANCHE.

But look, O look: there's one has just now come
Whose corselet wears a grinning death! What's he?

CHARTERIS.

That, madam, is the Herald to the Fates,
The Imp of Acheron, the "Death's-Head Moth,"

With wings as heavy as a funeral pall:
There are some men who think its doleful cry
The dread alarum of on-posting death;
Those awful sockets in its tabard glowing
Remember to their minds the eyeless ones,
The staring tenants of the sepulchre.
But hence, Papilio! The flowery mead—

BLANCHE.

The thymy down, the grassy glade, the hedgerow—

CHARTERIS.

The sunny day, the dewy night await you!

[*Waves his wand; Dancers exeunt.*]

BLANCHE.

I will not have this “Death’s Head” at my ball.

CHARTERIS.

It was Ricardo’s fancy; and besides,
Is it not well to temper joy with sadness?
However empty be a living skull,
A dead one is most precious full of wisdom.

BLANCHE.

Long live Aurelian!

CHARTERIS.

Long live Madam Blanche!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Washington. The corner of a street.*

Enter BENDIX and RICARDO

RICARDO.

Pest! Did I not tell you? By the Cross,
If this were Lima, I'd have had your blood!

BENDIX.

I'm very glad, then, it is Washington.

RICARDO.

Who knows but you've already let the heart out
Of all this business? The police depose
A man like you it was that led the brawl,
So whiskered and so featured; and they say,
Explicitly, you were drunk. Moreover, sir,
This Ross, the quiet of whose drowsing house
You shocked with traitor and unseemly songs,
Knows well the lady Blanche. I tell you, sir,
I'll lie for you no longer; else my soul
Will be as black with lies as yours with crimes;
But I'll declare you for the thing you are—
A hated bounty-jumper and deserter.

BENDIX.

Stop, stop! Don't talk so loud!

RICARDO.

Ay, but I will!

'Twould ease my conscience if the world might hear.

BENDIX.

Yes, yes, Ricardo, and would give to death
The very best friend that you ever owned!

RICARDO.

You blab my secrets, and you call it friendship.
Have I not almost damned myself for you?
What have you done for me?

BENDIX.

Some things too mean to speak.

RICARDO.

Save, then, your cursed breath! But your advantage
Was equal mine. Why did you slander Bryan,
Unless to share the fortune of my marriage?
Eudora mine, moneys were there for you
As well as me.

BENDIX.

Twice in your service I have risked my neck.

RICARDO.

And I in yours, a hundred times, my soul.
But this must end; and yet, on one condition,
I'll not betray but aid you.

BENDIX.

Name it, then!

RICARDO.

The day you broach it I shall claim your life.

BENDIX.

So do! . . .

RICARDO.

Answer me, then! What's the one thing
I wish?

BENDIX.

Fortune.

RICARDO.

You seek the same. What is
Our road to it?

BENDIX.

Your marriage.

RICARDO.

Who blocks that road?

BENDIX.

I quite believe with you, sir, it is Bryan.

RICARDO.

What must be done, then, sir?

BENDIX.

What must be done?

RICARDO.

That is the question, sir.

BENDIX.

What must be done?

RICARDO.

Pest! Why do you echo me? It is
The plainest question in the world.

BENDIX.

Why, yes!

RICARDO.

Well, sir ?

BENDIX.

Well ?

RICARDO.

Still do you parrot me ?

What must be done ? Is not the answer plain ?

BENDIX.

I have too much to reckon for already :

I take your meaning ; but I cannot do it.

RICARDO.

Why not, dear sir ? You will be damned as 'tis ;
You cannot make it worse.

BENDIX (*crossing himself*).

Are you in earnest ?

RICARDO.

The money of an Astor would not buy
Masses enough to save you.

BENDIX.

Do not mock me !

RICARDO.

I tell you what I think ; and I'm well studied :
Pluck all the pleasure in this world you can,
You'll find none in the next ! And, if suspected,
Am I not here to tell them how I knew you
Even as a boy ? immaculate, small boy,
So truly righteous that you never smiled ;
And how with wonder and solicitude
I watched your upward striving, year by year,

Until at last you fitted for the church; (*Ha! ha!*)
And would be preaching at this very hour, (*Ha! ha!*)
But for your country's voice, which called so loud
You dropped your black robes with a godly sigh
And gave your thousand virtues to the army? (*Ha!*
ha! ha!)

BENDIX.

I only wish 'twere true.

RICARDO.

So it shall seem.

BENDIX.

Ay, sir, but seeming is not being!

RICARDO.

So?

Dear innocent, I find you know so little
Of this great world! Why, let me tell you, sir,
To seem is everything, to be is nothing;
'Tis less than nothing: it is worse than nothing;
For, sir, if to be honest I take pains,
What's my reward? 'Tis naught but honesty;
And honesty's no coin to buy us meat.
And if I seek me to be virtuous,
What's my reward? Why, it is only virtue:
And virtue is the ice to every joy;
And would I be religious, what's my gain?
'Twere little else but pray myself asleep,
Whiles all the wiser wily pick my pocket.
Therefore to seem is better than to be.
To be is but a pauper, who consorts

With paupers, eats and drinks and sleeps and dies
With paupers, and with pauperdom is buried ;
To seem, good sir, is no such fool as this :
He walks in state, he dines in state, he rides
In state, he drives in state, he dies in state,
And when he dies he is laid out in state.

BENDIX.

Then whirls to hell, sir, in a coach and six.

RICARDO.

I say not that. But now I leave you, man ;
You will consider this ? It is my wish
To prop you even to a place of honor ;
Therefore, consider !

[*Exit.*

BENDIX.

I will consider long:

O, could I once relieve me of his lordship,
Never again would I let fall my story
In ears less dull than asses' ! No, by faith,
I would not whisper it even to the moon!
O for the day when I can pay this Baron
In his own money ! But patience, Bendix, patience !

[*Exit.*

Enter CHARTERIS and ANDERTON.

CHARTERIS.

The very voice, you say ?

ANDERTON.

The very voice!

Ah, my dear doctor, there's an unseen hand
Weaving our webs of life even while we sleep!

CHARTERIS.

I was about to say that I had seen
Eudora.

ANDERTON.

Ah, would I had been so blest!

CHARTERIS.

She walked upon the lawn pausing midway—
And in her pausing such a matchless grace
As keeps the humming-bird upon the air ;
So might Olympian Mercury have stood,
Breathing a message to the sons of Greece.
O, she was born millenniums too late!
She should have lived in other times than ours:
The hand of Phidias or Cleomenes
Might have bequeathed her to the palaces
Upon the Seine or Arno.

ANDERTON.

O my friend,
Had you beheld her in her praying robes !
There in the silver setting of the light,
Her radiant hair upon her shoulders floating,
She knelt in thanks to God. Yes, there is One,
And only One poor feeble man can thank
For his best gifts! I stood in ecstasy ;
And while her grateful heart poured from her lips,
Like music's fountain, I believed the saints
In the deep niches bent their heads to hear.
Unconscious, I advanced a little space ;
At last I spoke: she rose, and joyously
Extending her dear hands, came quickly toward me;

And I to her seemed as if swept along:
And so we met as you have seen two clouds
Kissed by the sun in summer : but this time
The sun was love.

Enter POOR PARLOW, looking back.

POOR PARLOW.

Hurrah, little wheels ! hurrah ! boorooboloo ! Go
it, I say ! Hurrah for the big wheels ! ha ! ha ! Did
you see that, sirs ?

CHARTERIS.

What do you mean, my boy ?

POOR PARLOW.

I say, sir, what a race ! But the little wheels got
the better of the big ones, didn't they ?

CHARTERIS.

It is the President's carriage.

POOR PARLOW.

If that was the President, I wonder he didn't take
the part of the little wheels.

ANDERTON.

Poor fellow ! It's a sad world, doctor, that has
room for such freaks as this.

CHARTERIS.

Many a wise man is less happy.

POOR PARLOW.

Why, this is better ! Look there, sirs ! (*Pointing
up.*)

CHARTERIS.

Yes; what is it, boy?

POOR PARLOW.

Bless my soul! Don't know the steeple-vane man? I'll call and you shall see him turn. Boorooboloo! hoot, there! Ha! ha! You see, sirs, how I manage him. Well done! I'll give you some breakfast by and by.

ANDERTON.

Here is money for the vane-man's breakfast.

POOR PARLOW.

So, sir? But I have some flies for him. He's a dainty man. Hoot, there!

ANDERTON.

Will you not take the money, my poor rambler?

POOR PARLOW.

By-bye, soldier-man! I love music and I love the moon; but I'm only Poor Parlow.

[Exit.

ANDERTON.

Doctor, we must go. How sadly touched his reason!

CHARTERIS.

A fall on the curbstone might have done it.

ANDERTON.

There's the ignominy. Let well men be humble! A modern sibyl once told me an idiot like this should one day do me service.

[Exeunt.]

Enter BENDIX and RICARDO.

RICARDO.

Think of an anchorite who hugs his cave
All days in the year but one; then rushes out
Resolved on fight with unicorns and dragons;
For such a man is Bryan!

BENDIX.

True it is;
And I, by any slur upon his honor,
Or some such wise, might stir him to a rage
As easily as wink; but the more I think of it,
The more I feel 'twould be ingratitude.

RICARDO.

Why, man, I picked you from the very ditch,
Yet never have you piped this tune to me;
Nor do I ask it. Gratitude! O faugh!
'Tis nothing but a sentimental dream.
Think not to palm your cowardice on me
Under that specious mask!

BENDIX.

But, my dear Baron—

RICARDO.

No *buts* for me, sir! Let us on to fortune!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A salon in the house of Madam BLANCHE.
Twilight ; afterwards moonlight.*

Enter ANDERTON.

ANDERTON.

O, she's so pure a thing, it seems to me
Man's love almost defiles her! Lilies alone
Should make her marriage-bed, and violets
Her pillow. I just saw her as I passed:
Her taper fingers held a posy drooping;
Yet O, thought I, you are the only flower
In all the world for me worth studying.
Hark! hark! It is her step. She comes, she comes.
What magic tread! She walks upon my heart.
Ah me, the music in those rustling robes!

Enter EUDORA.

Unmatchable Eudora!

EUDORA.

Anderton!

ANDERTON.

Alas ! I dare not ask you of my fate,
Since that which might be is so near to heaven,
Above my poor desert.

EUDORA.

If, in your mind,
So all ungraced and weak a thing as I am

Outrun your merit, surely it must be
Because your love lends distance to my faults.

ANDERTON.

So fair a temple cannot hold a fault;
Or, if there knocked a thousand, each and all,
Once let come in, would turn to loveliest favors,
The incense of the place must have such power.

EUDORA.

O Anderton, if I but dared to hope!

ANDERTON.

I know not what you wish that you might hope;
But if my arm, my tongue, my pen, my sword
Can hang your skies with fair realities,
Then am I dedicate to that sweet service.

EUDORA.

Alas! my wishes are the desperate kind,
Such as may never be the souls of acts
Accomplishing essay.

ANDERTON.

If you can dream
'Tis possible, it is not desperate.

EUDORA.

It is the conquering of my father's heart.

ANDERTON.

Could he refuse the slightest wish of yours?

EUDORA.

Our fathers are not lovers.

ANDERTON.

But they have been,
And yours must always be. If his consent
Be all you doubt, then is there naught to doubt.

EUDORA.

My father is a Southron, born and bred:
To be a citizen of the Great Republic
He counts an honor, but he thinks it more
He first saw light upon the sacred soil,
And he can answer when he's asked of it,
"I am, sir, a Virginian !" In his eyes,
The Northerners are meddlers; and your arms
He hates to very death. O Anderton,
What can I but despair?

ANDERTON.

Dare I believe,
But for this danger, I might call you mine?

EUDORA.

Can you not see I would not have you doubt it?

ANDERTON.

May this be true, or am I in a dream?
Mine, do you say? All mine?

EUDORA.

O Anderton,
If my dear father knew you as you are,
Would he not make us happy?

ANDERTON.

On my deserving,
My heart can build no hopes: my trust is, only,
Your wishes must be his.

[A voice heard.

EUDORA.

Some one has called me.

ANDERTON.

O no, Eudora, it's the parrot's voice;

[Her name heard.

And there it comes again.

EUDORA.

Fie, Anderton,
How well you know it's not the parrot's voice!

ANDERTON.

If not, why then, it is a demon's call.

EUDORA (*laughing*).

You make me laugh almost against the mood;
For, surely, you can have no true belief
That even the fiends would envy us our love.

[RICARDO seen at the window.

ANDERTON.

Who knows what fiends might do, even those who
live
Inhabiting base flesh? They like not worship
Nor happy souls nor any blessed thing.

RICARDO.

Ah, ha!

EUDORA.

Hark ! Did you hear ?

ANDERTON.

How very apt !

I half believe that rascally macaw
Suspects our secret.

EUDORA.

Ay, and well he may.

And you can smile at this, but you shall hear :
I rose to-day so early, the sweet birds
Were not yet done with morning, but still sang
As if they lingered out their song for us.

ANDERTON.

Even so they did: I was abroad with them,
To welcome in the dawn of this blest day ;
And O, such wondrous jubilee they raised,
I even doubted they were birds of earth,
Deeming their nests might hang on heavenly trees,
In fairer gardens than Hesperides.

EUDORA.

But did you note how grandly the sun rose ?

ANDERTON.

So grandly that it seemed to me, indeed,
Another world was born, where none should weep,
And you would be the empress of that world :
First came the Dawn, who, like a modest bride,
Unwilling fled the kisses of her lord,
Then paused upon the hills as if to breathe ;

And then, in sudden sheen of godlike robes,
Swift to her side her radiant lover bounded,
Seized on her virgin hand, as I on thine—
And then—and then—

EUDORA.

Nay, nay, he gave no kiss ;
For once again she fled as I do now.
Farewell! farewell!

ANDERTON.

One only kiss he gave ;
It was as if a rose had melted there,
And flushed with joy the universal East.

EUDORA.

And must we be partakers of that feast ?

ANDERTON.

If any sin there was, 'twas done in heaven ;
Repeated on the earth 'twill be forgiven.

[Kisses her.]

EUDORA.

You learn strange lessons from that lover sun.

ANDERTON.

If not said right, I could repeat this one :
Fly not so soon; it has not yet come night,
Unless your beauty make the dark seem light !

EUDORA.

Is it not night when we can see the stars ?

ANDERTON.

Venus, alone, I see : O, magic sweet !
And where she smiles, the earth and heaven meet.
[Music in distance.]

EUDORA.

But hark ! There falls the music of their band ;
So soft as if it came from far-off stars,
Or glided out with spirits when they pass
The radiant openings of celestial doors.

ANDERTON.

It is a concert of the elves and fays :
Such music should be heard when the moon sleeps
Upon the peaceful bosom of a lake,
Where all entranced the slumbrous lilies lie,
And love, on beauty gazing, melts in tears.
[Moon rises.]

EUDORA.

Behold ! The one bright goddess of all time
Even now begins her progress of the night,
Enamoring the earth.

ANDERTON.

O, think of it,
The same dear moon that shone on blushing Eve,
In the First Paradise !

EUDORA.

The very same
That Herc saw illumining the track
Of her beloved Leander !

ANDERTON.

The self-same
That lighted home to his Penelope
The world-famed Ithacan !

EUDORA.

See, Anderton,
What splendor in the leaves !

ANDERTON.

I see a splendor
More lovely far than any in the leaves.

RICARDO.

Ah, ha !

ANDERTON.

Didst hear ? That is no parrot's voice.
Let us away !

EUDORA.

Ah me, it is the ball-night !
Pray, tell me, had you not forgotten it,
So much more pleasant this ?

ANDERTON.

Could I forget,
When I have all day wished away the mask
That you must wear to-night ?

EUDORA.

But I shall know you ;
I shall divine your presence.

ANDERTON.

And for me,
Though you but whispered, I should feel your voice ;
Though you but stepped, your motion : all the more,
then,
Shall I have leave to quarrel with your mask.
But come, let us go in !

[*Exeunt.**Enter* RICARDO.

RICARDO.

Two rivals in the field ! But neither knows
What, by my soul ! they must be made to know.
This very night I'll force a deadly breach,
And so play off the one against the other :
If both should fall, naught better ; if but one,
The other shall be glad to run away.
It's a deep scheme and has no need of Bendix.

Enter BRYAN.

So, so ! Here Bryan comes. Pardon me, Bryan,
And you shall know the reason of my question.
(*Confidentially.*) Who is the lover of Eudora ?

BRYAN.

I,

For one ! I love her as I do my sister.

RICARDO.

And Anderton you think a man complete,
Wrapping no treachery in his friendly guise ;
One you could leave upon a desert island—
Alone—with her ?

BRYAN.

Alone? I know not that.

But this is not an island nor a desert :
And yet a true friend could be trusted thus ;
And Anderton, I think, is my true friend.

RICARDO.

You say you love her as your sister, Bryan ;
Art sure it is not else? And yet I beg
You'll set the question to my friendship's credit.

BRYAN.

Whatever else it be, she knows it not.

RICARDO.

Ah, think you so? or rather do you mean
You have not told your love?

BRYAN.

Ask me alone

To storm a garrison ; pluck up the oaks ;
Lift the world's roof ; invalidate the thunder ;
Hurl back his angry foam down Ocean's maw ;
Or to their cave whip home the insane winds :
Any and all these trifles I can do
More easily than say to her "I love you !"
Deep in the dungeon of my aching heart
Those martyred words are chained past power to
 loose them.

RICARDO.

Ah, by my soul ! that is a love indeed,
Which very lips respect. Who loves that wise
Will follow fate across the bridge of hell.

BRYAN.

And so dare I.

RICARDO.

Know, then, your hour has struck !
For this fair girl, Heaven sees I wish her well ;
But as for him, I have no wondrous faith
In Anderton. Yet why should I advise ?

BRYAN.

Why should you not ?

RICARDO.

Why should I not ? Why not ?

Certes, I will, then. First, within this hour,
The most impassioned vows man ever made,
Eudora's ears have drunk :

BRYAN.

Do you know this ?

RICARDO.

Past question ! I not only heard these vows,
But I beheld the saint and saw the man
Who offered incense.

BRYAN.

Saw and heard ? Saw both ?
And she—what said she ?

RICARDO.

Do not urge me that !

BRYAN.

She loves him ?

RICARDO.

Supposing so, what then ?

BRYAN.

I could not kill him ; could not cross her love.

RICARDO.

Who talks of killing ?

BRYAN.

Pardon me, not you!

But O, there is a vulture at my heart!

You know this man ?

RICARDO.

No better than you do.

BRYAN.

Is it Anderton you mean ?

RICARDO.

Well guessed, good friend!

BRYAN.

My case is hopeless.

RICARDO.

There is nothing hopeless.

Will you be ruled by me ?

BRYAN.

No, sir; by no man !

RICARDO.

But hear what I advise! Within this hour

Your love must be made known. If, spite of that,

Your suit shall fail, there will be ample time
And trees enough where you can hang yourself.
My purpose is that you shall challenge him.
Start not! We'll have no killing: it shall be
Albeit a most immediate, actual duel,
One all made up of bluster and pure wind;
Not noisy either, for we'll have no guns,
Nothing but swords, and dull ones if you like it.
You shall but prick each other, yet out of that
I'll tear love's palace down about his ears.

BRYAN.

Pray, tell me how!

RICARDO.

Perceive you not the duel
Will be the very clarion of your love,
More potent than a thousand serenades—
Though lingered out until the moon grow sick—
Under her balcony?

BRYAN.

But would this be an honorable thing?

RICARDO.

Is not the duel another name for honor,
The very house where reputation lives?

BRYAN.

But what if he refuse?

RICARDO.

And by that act
Proclaim to her, to all the world besides,
He'd rather keep the letting of his blood

Than be the owner of her virgin sweetness,
More fresh than arbut in the lap of May?
Better for you he should; but if I know
His mettle, upon such a cause he'd fight
With broken blade, both hands half tethered up,
Nor fly before a wilderness of swords.

BRYAN.

As if I did not know how brave he is!
But would he let his friendship stand aside,
Even on this theme?

RICARDO.

Friendship's a straw to love;
Flashes therein—then, pish! away it goes.
If you had seen him in the garden there,
His every nerve up-knitted with entrancement,
The windows of his raptured soul ablaze
With Cupid's meaning fire! If you had heard
Those tones more melting than the south wind sighs
Whispering the flowers upon a summer's night—

BRYAN.

No more! By all the gods, I'll challenge him!

RICARDO.

It must be done at once, then, or too late;
Even on the instant.

BRYAN.

And it shall be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Guests waltzing. They dance a few minutes; and then enter CHARTERIS, gorgeously dressed, waving a wand. The dancing ceases.

CHARTERIS.

Papilio! sweet papilio, it is time
To sup! The dainties wait.

[Exeunt in couples. CHARTERIS passes them in review and exit.]

Enter BRYAN, ANDERTON, and RICARDO, unmasked.

BRYAN.

I love you, Anderton; no man shall say
I do not.

ANDERTON.

Why then do you quarrel with me?

BRYAN.

Here in my breast there is a playful demon
Pushes me on to this against my will.

ANDERTON.

But let it be to-morrow, not to-night!

RICARDO.

Why not to-morrow? Yet, indeed, just now,
The maskers all but us being set at supper,
No witness will be there, no servant eye
Of scandal.

ANDERTON.

True, good friend; it is a point
Well taken; for the which I thank you. Therefore,
Since time stays not our leisure, let us out
And play this farce where it is most befitting—
By the moon's crazy light!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The edge of a garden. Moonlight. An arbor at one side. Distant dance-music.*

Enter DICK and POOR PARLOW, opposite.

POOR PARLOW.

Boorooboloo, black boy! Tell me who you are and I tell you who I am.

DICK.

I is de runner for dis yar house. Dick's my name.

POOR PARLOW.

And I'm Poor Parlow. The cook-man says I must go away.

DICK.

Is you de idiot?

POOR PARLOW.

I'm Poor Parlow, and I want to hear the music-men.

DICK.

Come wid me to de arbor. You can hide dere in de leaves.

[*Ereunt.*

Enter ANDERTON, BRYAN, and RICARDO, unmasked.

ANDERTON.

Ricardo, please dispose us as you will!

RICARDO.

Then, sir, you shall stand here; and you, good Bryan, In the same spot you are.

ANDERTON.

But pray, remember
It was not I brought on this foolish quarrel.
[Clock strikes.]

RICARDO.

That clock is wrong; but you are in the right:
Therefore, attention, gentlemen; and proceed!
[They draw.]
He who hits first, for him I'll stand the wine,
Château Margaux, Clicquot, or other "O."

BRYAN.

Uncork, then, for I have it!

RICARDO:

No, not yet!

ANDERTON.

Yes, he has touched me, but I score the next!
[Wounds him.]

BRYAN.

By Jove, you've broached my cask of Burgundy!
No more!
[Falls, dropping his sword.]

ANDERTON.

Bryan, I hope I have not hurt you.

BRYAN.

My wine of life is running; that is all.
'Tis I have hurt myself; it is my fault.

ANDERTON.

O, curse me, Bryan, that I struck so hard!
Where's Charteris? O, for the love of God,
Where shall I run for surgeons?

RICARDO.

Anywhere!

Yet nowhere! I will see to that. For you—
Get on your horse and spur you to the quick,
Else will the hangman be your nearest friend!
For God's sake, fly! fly! I'll be his surgeon.

ANDERTON.

Ah me, what madness! I have played the fool,
Shall I now play the coward?

BRYAN.

O Anderton,

If you still love me, I entreat you, fly!

ANDERTON.

If this damned careless thrust has ended you,
Me, also, it shall end.

BRYAN.

O Anderton,

You have no right to die! Away, I say,
Away! away, before it be too late!

RICARDO.

The time will come when you may show yourself.

ANDERTON.

Can you forgive me, Bryan?

BRYAN.

O yes! O yes!
A thousand times "O yes"; only, begone!
Your staying here'll not help me. Go, I beg you!
'Tis my last wish: respect it!

RICARDO.

Get you gone,
And I'll run in for Charteris!

ANDERTON.

Must I then,
O, must I go? Would I could die for you!
Ricardo, friend, say to Eudora—

RICARDO.

She shall know all. Now, I command you, fly!
[Exit ANDERTON.
Where is your wound? how deep?

BRYAN.

Here in my side:
I've lived so long, maybe it is not mortal.

RICARDO.

What! not mortal! Surely there can be no harm
[Aside.
In probing it: mayhap 'twill save his life.
But should it kill him, that will be no more
Than many a better surgeon has to think of.
I'll probe it with my dagger.

[POOR PARLOW *seen in the arbor.*

BRYAN.

Gracious Heaven!

What are you doing?

RICARDO.

I'm only probing it.

BRYAN.

What's the curst need of probing? There's no ball.
O! O! help! help! O you vile wretch!

[Dies.

[RICARDO drives his dagger into the ground with his
heel and runs in.

RICARDO (*within*).

Ho, there, all the house! Come out, I say!
There is a murder done. Bring lights! bring lights!

Re-enter RICARDO. (Music ceases.)

(*Seeing POOR PARLOW.*) What! who is this? What
are you staring at?

I'm not a hippopotamus. Come here!

So, so! It is the idiot. This way!

Who killed the man here lying?

POOR PARLOW.

Who killed the man?

Why don't you ask him who? Booroboloo,
Sir Roundefall!

RICARDO.

Did you not see a man
Running away?

POOR PARLOW.

This fellow is not running:
He's quiet as a mouse.

RICARDO.

Why, so he is!

POOR PARLOW.

Don't wake him!

RICARDO.

No ?

POOR PARLOW.

I'll sit me down right here,
And keep the flies off.

Enter, with lights, Guests and Musicians.

FIRST GUEST.

What is the matter ?

RICARDO.

Matter enough to make true friends declare
There's no such thing as friendship on the earth.
If ever one man loved another man,
I would have sworn that Anderton loved Bryan:
But so this be the proper work of love,
Then hate come in and be the better goddess !
O damnèd Anderton !

CHARTERIS.

What ! is it Bryan ?
And hurt by Anderton ?

RICARDO.

Killed, you may say,
And Anderton is fled !

Enter BLANCHE *and* EUDORA.

ALL.

Killed !

RICARDO.

Even so.

SECOND GUEST.

What cause of quarrel had they ?

RICARDO.

God only knows :
There was a woman in it.

EUDORA.

Speak ! Who is killed ?

RICARDO.

Madam, I scarce dare tell you.

BLANCHE.

Ah me, it's Bryan ! What villain has done this ?

[*BLANCHE and EUDORA kneel by the body.*]

RICARDO.

Ask some one else, I beg you ! Ask me not !

SECOND GUEST.

Madam, it seems that Anderton is fled.

EUDORA.

Fled? Anderton? O Heaven! O, do not say
'Twas Anderton!

SECOND GUEST.

I only speak what Sir Ricardo says.

EUDORA.

Mr. Ricardo!

RICARDO.

I hear.

EUDORA.

Dare you then tell us
That Anderton did this?

RICARDO.

I only know
I found them here, Bryan and Anderton,
Fighting with swords: rushed in to part them;
Was almost killed myself; shouted for help;
Saw Bryan drop and Anderton run off.

EUDORA.

O God! O God! (*Swoons.*)

BLANCHE.

Dear doctor, see to her!

CHARTERIS.

Here, gentlemen, pray, some of you make up
A litter of your hands and bear this child
Into the house, as gently as may be !
To you, Ricardo, as the friend of Bryan,
His body be the melancholy care !
Alas, alas ! can I believe my eyes ?
And yet why not, since order once was chaos ?
And this thou knewest well enough, old brain,
But thou hast been asleep.

[Guests raise up BRYAN and EUDORA.]

Enter LUCINDA.

LUCINDA.

O me, my life !
Whom do you carry here ? Bryan ? Eudora ?
Dead ? O me ! O me ! For pity's sake,
You men with instruments—put up ! put up !
We'll have no more of your excited balls.

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Fie, fie, good woman ! when the time comes round,
Our instruments will be in place again.

SECOND MUSICIAN.

And you will be the first to bid them play.

LUCINDA.

You've bored me out of patience, most, already.

POOR PARLOW.

Boorooboloo ! That is the sleepest party
I ever did. Let's wake him with a dance !

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Young man, no more of that !

LUCINDA.

Indeed, poor soul !
I tell you, sirs, he knows not what he prattles :
He wears a fool's cap.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A salon in the house of Madam BLANCHE.**Enter PEPS and RICARDO.*

PEPS.

No, sir, I'll not cut beard till I have revenge for Bryan ! I'll follow this Anderton to Labrador.

RICARDO.

And stick him like a matador. Peps, I approve you. By the Saints ! if I had such a Peps, I'd love him as no Peps was ever loved yet.

PEPS.

When I have done this thing—

RICARDO.

Why, then come to me ! I'll make you. But secrete ! secrete ! It is the curse of my position here that I must seem to worship this man Anderton, to feel one way and speak another. I have to drink vinegar, smiling, swearing its *eau sucré* : but when Anderton goes above, when your good arm has added him to the constellations, I can worship him in good faith.

PEPS.

Now, then, till I have killed the detestable, who killed my master—what was I going to say ?

RICARDO.

You'll not cut beard ? Is that the word ?

PEPS.

Nor beard nor finger-nails.

[Exit.

RICARDO.

This fellow serves me without asking. True 'tis that Anderton dare not return : but how much better *dare-not* were *can-not*. I may at least make it seem *can-not*. His hat lies there at my lodging ; and to say I found it blowing by the river's brink, might be a profitable saying. It will be a mere suggestion that he's drowned : it will not hurt him where he stays ; nor Bryan, who is past hurting ; nor the Madam Blanche ; nor her whose hand I covet—unless she put on mourning for that same—and mourning might become her.

Enter BRAMBLE.

Where now, Bramble ?

BRAMBLE.

Where else but where my master is ? I tell you, Baron, things wont last always.

RICARDO.

Ah ! then you know his hiding-place ?

BRAMBLE.

If I did I should be with him.

RICARDO.

You've heard the inquest ?

BRAMBLE.

Bribery, Baron ; bribery !

RICARDO.

Everything was trumped up against your master. God knows I did my best to bring him off : but a blind man will not thank you for a looking-glass ; and a fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in ten years.

BRAMBLE.

Have you any idea where my master is ?

RICARDO.

I grieve to say, none ; but should you find him, bid him by no means come back without consulting me ; and fail not to post me of his whereabouts.

BRAMBLE.

I have a good scent. Things wont last always.

RICARDO.

'Twould be certain death for your master should he return now. Go, then ; luck be your comrade !

BRAMBLE.

Amen !

[*Exit.*

RICARDO.

Every wind blows my way ; every stream bears my vessel. Here, now, is the best messenger to Anderton I could find even by searching. Anderton gone, nothing stands in my way except, to be sure, downright refusal of her hand ; but even that might be overcome. I'm only sorry that I probed the wound. It leaves me in a villainous doubt if Anderton's thrust was mortal. There is a quarter where they know these things ; and that's what fears me.

[*Exit.**Enter* BLANCHE and EUDORA.

EUDORA.

Grateful to Anderton, who saved my life—
To Anderton :—true, I was grateful once,
But could you see what now is in my heart !

BLANCHE.

Now he has dragged your very noble friend
To most ignoble death—ah me ! ah me !

EUDORA.

O Blanche, on that same night all gratitude
Was swallowed up as if in some great whirlwind,
So fierce, that were he at my fingers' ends,
I will not say when I should let him free ;
I dare not answer what my hands, my eyes,
My passioned lips might do were he so near.

BLANCHE.

I wonder not, for truly from my breast
Absolute hate has for the time inked out

Meekness and charity and all gentle thoughts ;
And now, this Anderton—

EUDORA.

Madam, I beg
You will not name that banished name again !

BLANCHE.

Most well suggested ! When I speak of him,
His name shall be “The Monster.”

EUDORA.

O, no ! no !
Speak of him not at all, for each new time
Wounds me again.

BLANCHE.

If that be true, Eudora,
Myself and all the house command our tongues.
The order shall be instant.

[*Exit.*

EUDORA.

Excellent Blanche !
She thinks I loved poor Bryan ; and her hate
For him I did love springs from that false thought :
O, what a mask is this I now put on !
Loving, adoring, trusting Anderton,
As no man was before trusted and loved,
To seem the hater of his very name !
Yet must I so, until some circumstance,
Not yet suspected, solve to all the world

The riddle of his flight. O, thousand times
More likely this Ricardo is a liar
Than Anderton—alas, I cannot name it !
To slay his friend ! Why, 'tis not proof to thought,
Unless, indeed, through fateful accident,—
As by some careless hit, which every day
Befalling even the innocent, sweet children,
Puts Providence in doubt ; and yet not rightly,
Since all that bloomed on earth must sweeter bloom
In heaven. But O, what's this, this unblest shadow
That feels its way across my trembling soul ?
Is't not alone that he has seemed to fly ?
Is he not dead ? Being instrument of death,
Though all unwilling, has he not—ah me !
That solves the riddle ! Yes, it must be so !
No man has seen him, nor will ever see—
Saving his breathless casket.

Enter LUCINDA.

Speak ; what news ?

I know you have some.

LUCINDA.

O, for mercy's sake,
Let me find words ! Pity you have no pity
For us old women !

EUDORA.

Nothing in you, Lucinda,
Persuades much thought of age ; and if there did,
Why waste in empty preludes the same breath
Which might as well earn thanks ?

LUCINDA.

But now I think of it,
My lips are sealed ; and you must have the key.

EUDORA.

What dainty whim is this ?

LUCINDA.

I think it be,
Indeed, upon my soul, a very strange one,
To keep us all from even whispering
That wretch's name.

EUDORA.

O, for my sake, Lucinda,
What have you heard of him whom you call thus ?

LUCINDA.

Only that some poor soldier has just found
The hat he wore, close by the river-bank.

EUDORA.

O ! O ! I beg of you, Lucinda, go !
I cannot bear to look upon you now.

[Exit LUCINDA.]

Even as I feared ; and I—O misery !
What can I do but pray ?

[Kneels.]

Enter RICARDO.

Praying in silence ?

Dare I disturb her ?

EUDORA (*rising*).

I thought myself alone.

RICARDO.

At such an hour, Eudora ? Deemed you, indeed,
Though all the world else might abandon you,
I could be so hard-hearted ? Were my friendship
No better worth than that, better I had none.
Friendship I call it, but how well you know
Friendship's no name for that which chains me here !

EUDORA.

There was a time, sir, it is very true,
Before I knew my heart, when I imagined
Your suit was gracious to me.

RICARDO.

And that time—

May it not come again ?

EUDORA.

Nothing for me
This world now holds but grief, grief, lasting grief.

Enter CHARTERIS.

CHARTERIS.

Mr. Ricardo, an officer outside
Hands me this message.

[*Gives a paper.*]

RICARDO.

I must needs obey.
When have I met you but some cursèd hap

Straight parted us? It is my fate, Eudora,
To leave your tears unquenched. Farewell ! farewell !
[*Exit.*]

CHARTERIS.

Dear child, I pray you do not weep, dear child !
It must be that he lives. Of proof he's drowned,
There's not a straw's weight ; and I knew so well
Both Anderton and Bryan, I can swear
What blows they had fell only in fair play.

EUDORA.

Even if he lives, will they not have his life ?
Ah, doctor ! Darkness, darkness everywhere !

CHARTERIS.

O, be my hope, Eudora, the fair moon
To gild this darkness ! Let us now go out
Into the air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A highway bordered with trees ; a running spring
by the wayside. Noon.*

Enter YORK.

YORK.

Water, water : all's water ! Have I a water-wheel
in my insides, that must needs be forever turning ?
Am I a mill ? Not a strong smack in my throat, now,
these seven days ! Seven days of water's an eternity

of water. 'Fore God, was a man made for no better end than a sponge? I can think of no worse punishment for my sins than to have my soul turned into a jelly-fish. I'd rather die a thousand deaths by fire than a thousandth part of a death by water. When the world was made, the scaliest of God's creatures fell to the rivers and the ocean. So I keep on guzzling this, I shall soon be little better than a frog. I shall have tides in my stomach and be a slave to the moon. Even now my gullet feels like the Bay of Fundy. Oxygen! hydrogen! That man who finds a better way of intermixing these two will be the coming man, the rarest of all philosophers. He shall have a monument raised by a tax on stills. I candidly believe it's the water in us that makes us mortal. Get rid of these two gases and what's left but the spirit, the undying part? If there is total abstinence in the next world, it's total abstinence from water.

Enter ANDERTON.

May I be curst if that's not a blue-coat yonder! Shall I pepper this fellow or let him season me? I'll get me into the bushes and so cut him. How tired the man walks! He'd rather sleep than fight, I reckon. There's something on his mind, too. One of those devils of spies might look that way. Dogon't, I'm a little afraid of him: I'll down on my belly.

ANDERTON (*Kneeling at the spring*).

Water, thank God! I could drink myself to a dropsy, though all diseases welter in this gourd. Let the earth

split ! Bryan no more ; Eudora's life blighted ; and I—my name, Despair ! This rock has more hope in it, this water more dignity, yonder frog more resolve. Nothing would so become me as an eager death, nothing so disgrace me as to think myself worthy the life I dare not take. (*Drinks.*)

YORK.

I never saw a man with so poor an opinion of himself. He must believe himself another. Touched in the occiput, I fear.

ANDERTON.

Why do I live ? Why, but in hopes one day to unstain my reputation ! O life, life, life ! But yesterday the world was mine ; to-day—more poor than beggar in his rags ! Yesterday throned by the queen of women, the prince of happiness ; to-day, in ignominious flight, upon me pointed the pale, deriding fingers of all man-creatures.

YORK.

This fellow has queer ideas. A man who dotes that wise on his reputation I'm not afraid of. I'll out. Sir !

ANDERTON.

Well, who are you ?

YORK.

I'm not your enemy. The only enemy I have on earth at this time, dear sir, is water. O my God, have you a solitary drop of any kind of spirit ? The lime

in my bones is all water-logged like a porridge. Tell me, is not my jaw the color of sodden rice ?

ANDERTON.

I have but one enemy ; and he is nearer to me than you.

YORK (*aside*).

Cracked, sure enough !

ANDERTON.

You speak of liquor. There is a flask I just now picked up, hoping it might hold water. You're welcome.

YORK.

Poor lunatic ! (*aside*.) Ten thousand thanks ! The very smell is religious. I'll be your friend for this : give me your hand. (*Drinks*.) Even now a moral revolution goes on in me. Truly, sir, you have remade me a Christian. But how is it you do not notice my wear is gray ? Are you not afraid of a rebel ?

ANDERTON.

I am afraid of nothing but myself.

YORK.

You may well need be, if you stuff yourself thus with rain. It is no less than an inundation of the gastric juice and the drowning of all virtues. But you seem to be in trouble : can I help you ?

ANDERTON.

Can you bring a dead man to life ?

YORK.

That is not my trade.

ANDERTON.

In plain truth, I have fought a duel ; and now live to repent it.

YORK.

I see not why, if you've killed one who deserved killing.

ANDERTON.

There was never a more foolish encounter. Friends, both ; real provocation, none ; the hateful stroke, a most careless thrust ! That I was forced to it I can prove ; but being fool enough to run away, I know not what ill turn a present arrest might take. Not for myself I care, but for one dearer to me than all else. Time only will set me right.

YORK.

You're sane, I see. Somewhere in this region there lives on his acres a rich Virginian. You shall put yourself in what gray I can spare you, and so we find this man's house, you shall rest there safe. As for my mansion, it's in the trees, yonder, under the sky's roof. Come with me and I'll furnish you such gray, you shall think it clouds to wear. I'll give you Jupiter's overcoat, as ragged as any that flaps on the heels of thunder.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Salon : coffin of BRYAN, wrapped in the American flag, partly visible. BLANCHE, EUDORA, CHARTERIS, Clergyman, and a concourse of others.*

CLERGYMAN.

Not in the shock, not in the din of battle,
Not leading valor on to valorous deeds,
Not in the cover of a brave retreat,
Not in the hospital nor on the march,
But in the shame of private feud he fell ;
And that which was the nation's due gave up
To most ignoble end ; and were it not
An undiscerning custom claims the rite,
Should have no cerement of his country's flag,
Nor be escorted home with honor's dirges :
But rather should his corse—

BLANCHE.

O sir, I beg !

Why need you in the presence of his friends
Impeach the memory of one so noble ?
Far closer would your sermon fit the villain
Who sent him hence.

CLERGYMAN.

Madam, it is my office,
Not self that speaks. That this young man had virtues,
The very warmth of your expostulation
Most eloquently proves : so much the more

Bewail we what is lost ; so much more loudly
Here in this presence from high heaven call down
The pale and dreadful ministers of justice,
To follow swift upon the murderer's track ;
The while upon his black, detested soul
Be stings of scorpions !

EUDORA.

O reverend sir,

Let me beseech you, do not speak such words !
'Tis better known in heaven what wrong is done
Than here on earth, where men see not alike ;
High in that world a glorious mirror stands,
Which tells true stories of all human things,
And shows the every motive of each act ;
'Tis better known above what justice is,
For there the very scales of justice hang,
Two radiant crystals trembling in the light,
In which good angels weigh the faults of men
Against the causes which produced those faults,
Tracing the germs long generations down,
Even to the moulding of the first wrong-doer ;
So dear and delicate a thing to them
Is justice. And yet hear ! I know not why
I venture thus ; 'tis not my wish that leads me.

CHARTERIS.

Say on, speak on, my child !

EUDORA.

In that bright world,
However nicely they still think on justice,

Even after all is weighed, these blessed ones,
Fearing to err on the ungentle side,
Oft respite us with tears. But my good friends,
Even here on earth what man can raise his hand
And swear between these two the cause of quarrel,
Who led it on, or which was most to blame?
What man can breathe reproach on either's name?
And O, believe me, all, how deep soever
Be our lament for this untimely death,
He who has fled grieves more, a thousand times !
Perhaps, indeed, with more than mortal grief!
This, reverend sir, must be the sad excuse
For these poor words I could not help but say,
Though knowing well how less becoming woman
To speak is than to listen.

CHARTERIS.

So thought Saint Paul,
But he had not heard you.

EUDORA.

One only word !
I feel that I should ask the clergyman
His pardon for my strangeness.

CLERGYMAN.

Most certainly !
'Tis yours a hundred times. I had not said
Just what I have, but being led on to it
By what I now perceive was baseless rumor.
But let us have the truth ! If any one else

Here present knew these men, pray, let him speak.
(*To Charteris.*) I think you knew them, sir.

CHARTERIS.

I knew them both :
They were my friends, and friends themselves ; most
friendly.
What moved them to this most preposterous duel—
For sure, it was no worse—more wonders me
Than if a comet fell. Alas, poor Bryan !
He was a man to whom the whole world sang ;
Yet sang not often in a minor key :
His fine soul was a harp, whose breathing strings
Now pleasure seized, and now ambition swept,
And now blest gratitude or friendship charmed ;
One hour to noble anger shook ; another
To beauty's hand most eloquently trembled ;
And now they felt the gentle touch of pity,
And now the grasp of love. I honored him :
Some faults he had, yet these were set off, only,
That showed his bright parts more commendable.
So rare a being to be lost so soon !
O boy, couldst thou but speak, thy friend's good
name
Would be thy tongue's first care. Ah me, how sad
When we shall bring him to his mother's eyes,
In old Connecticut ! But let that pass !
And now, good Anderton, where canst thou be ?
Under what pitying skies ? I honored Bryan,
But Anderton I loved. He was a man
Worthy the heavens under which he walked,

And if not yet resolved into the dust
He has ennobled by his wearing it,
If still unpillaged of the precious life
Which made that dust a shrine, then am I sure
The star of virtue is the star he follows,
Though all detraction thunder.

CLERGYMAN.

Well do you speak ;
No better sermon could your lost friend need,
No better eulogy the other. Therefore,
The lateness of the hour admonishing,
Our services here end. You who are charged,
Now take and have conveyed with reverence
This dust so precious to its kindred.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RICARDO.

RICARDO.

Ah, go thy way, poor Bryan ! Much I dread
My hand it was that gave thee to this fate :
So that be true, then smil'st thou in thy shroud,
Thinking when hell will very much avenge thee !
I'd rather a million *pesos* I had waited
Before I probed the wound. It did not need
That haste. Too late ! too late !
Ye guardians to this holy place, ye saints
Who, in your effigies, now look on me,
O, tell me what I am ! You do not frown ;
At least you do not frown ; yet on, straight on,
Sphinx-like you gaze, and leave me to the rout
Of unresolvèd fears. Farewell ! farewell !
Dumb lips are yours : O, that my doubts were dumb

SCENE IV.—*A street.*

Enter BENDIX and POOR PARLOW; the latter bestriding a long stick with bells attached.

POOR PARLOW.

This is the way he trots, and this is the way he goes lame. How like my horse, old soldier-man?

BENDIX.

A very good horse, indeed !

[A dirge heard. They listen.]

POOR PARLOW.

Why don't they play quick? My horse goes faster. Boorooboloo ! Hey, sir; get up !

BENDIX.

They never play fast when a dead man goes by.

POOR PARLOW.

Then why do the dead men go by?

BENDIX.

Why, child, because they cannot help it.

POOR PARLOW.

What makes a man a dead-man?

BENDIX.

A long sword made Bryan a dead man.

POOR PARLOW.

No, no ! no, no ! Short dagger ! short dagger !

BENDIX.

Ah well, boy, whatever you will !

POOR PARLOW.

Now you shall see my horse run.

[*Exit.*

BENDIX.

Lord mend thy wit, poor child ! But what did he mean by "short dagger" ? Peradventure—ah yes, peradventure ! (*Runs out.*) Halloa ! ho, boy !

POOR PARLOW (*entering*).

Here I come. This is a beast for you ! Stand, sir !

BENDIX.

What did you mean by "short dagger," boy ?

POOR PARLOW.

Ha, ha, ha ! Soldier-man and don't know short dagger !

BENDIX.

O yes, child, I know what a short dagger is, but didn't you say short dagger made Bryan a dead man ?

POOR PARLOW.

Get up, little horse ! The wind's a-running.

BENDIX.

Well ?

POOR PARLOW.

Do you want to see a wind-race?

BENDIX.

Listen, boy! They say you were there on the night Bryan was killed.

POOR PARLOW.

Ah! that was the music-night!

BENDIX.

Yes, the music-night.

POOR PARLOW.

Did he love music? I never saw so still a man before.

BENDIX.

Was he still when you first saw him?

POOR PARLOW.

Not at all. Do you know the long-cloak man?

BENDIX.

Yes—you saw him there that night?

POOR PARLOW.

Indeed, I did.

BENDIX.

What was in his hand?

POOR PARLOW.

Ha, ha ! And you saw his hand, too ? You saw the short dagger ? Ha, ha !

BENDIX.

Now, listen, boy ! Did the long-cloak man touch the still man with the short dagger ?

POOR PARLOW.

O yes, once he did ; and the man cried, " Oh ! oh ! help ! help ! O you vile wretch !" but after that he was very still.

BENDIX.

Yes ? yes ? he did ?

POOR PARLOW.

Don't scare me !

BENDIX.

And then was very still ?

POOR PARLOW.

Your eyes are like fire. He was still as a stone.

[Runs away.]

BENDIX.

O boy, you have medicined my life ! Courage, come back ! Liberty, I can shake thy hand again ! My prison's burst and I am out, naked, free as air. O, to be a slave to others' knowledge, to be a top for any man to spin, is to be worse than damned ! Now have I this Ricardo's head in a vice ; and O Satan,

but I'll wrench it ! I'll make it so hot, he shall wish to cool his feet on coals. To his gaping grave I'll harry him. But slow ! let me go slow ! let me creep to it, and when his time comes, jump on him !

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Before a country-house. Night.*

Enter YORK and ANDERTON.

ANDERTON.

Well then, good York, since I must change my name,
Call me by one I've earned ! What do you say
To Addlepate ?

[*Dogs bark.*

YORK.

So, so : we've roused the dogs
Already. Mark you, now ! (*Whistles.*) You see,
my friend,
These puppies love old York and stop their mouths.
[*A window thrown up.*

PEYTON (*at window*).

One moment, York ! (*Disappears.*)

YORK.

And now, before he comes,
What say you to the name of "Waterbrain" ?

ANDERTON.

I'm worthy of none better.

YORK.

Think you then,
I'd pour you out a name as weak as that?

Enter PEYTON with colored Boy.

PEYTON.

York, it is time that you were here again :
I feared me much the Yankees had possessed you.

YORK.

I was, indeed, possessed, but not by them,
Unless the watery Undines be their name;
By all that's fiery, Peyton, I have had
Not so much life upon my throat this week
As one poor glass.

PEYTON.

Run, boy, and tell the butler
To bring some of the strongest.

YORK.

This, Peyton, is my good friend Lauriston.

PEYTON.

Your friend is welcome. Pardon my left hand ;
For this, you see, is tender, puffed and stuffed
With gout.

ANDERTON.

Take not my hand, sir, till you learn
What man I am ! My outside is a lie :
This gray is not my color :—more than that,
Not two days past this hand disgraced itself
Shedding the sacred blood of one I loved.

YORK.

The truth is, Peyton, he's a gallant fellow
Too honest to deny his Union blue,
Too generous with the friend who challenged him.

PEYTON.

Your voice commends you, sir : I ask no more.
And who I am, no doubt York has informed you.
So you be willing, then, to give your hand—

ANDERTON.

And with it, sir, my name : 'tis Anderton.

PEYTON.

Thank you. But pardon me, you seem quite worn
With travel.

Enter Boy.

ANDERTON.

Yes, and even more with sorrow.

PEYTON.

Camp in this chair ; it is an easy one ;
Set down the glasses, Jim ; where's Africaine ?

Go in, boy : let the wench get supper !
Now, sirs, wait not for compliments : it's time
The glasses made us music.

YORK.

By your leave, then,
I'll start the tune.
[Pours and drinks.]

PEYTON.

Play you the basso part !
Drink deep ! As for myself, I cannot play :
My hand you see's my witness.

YORK.

And that's a good one,
For in that hand I hear the jolly tongues
Of all your ancestors. Come, Anderton,
Play you, at least, one part.

ANDERTON.

'Twill be a poor one ;
If sleep were in your glass, I'd ask no better.

YORK.

Peyton, you see yon dipper in the heavens,
Millions of leagues, they say, from top to bottom :
I would I were a god ; and that same dipper
Ran to the brim with something of this kind,
And I were tall enough to dip my nose in it !

PEYTON.

Well, well, that's a brave wish ; and now come in !
My cellars are by no means dry, you know :
But see, your friend's asleep !

YORK.

So, so, poor fellow !

I tell you, Peyton, he's a royal soul,
But grief and weariness may kill a king.
This chair has wheels : I'll draw him to the house.

PEYTON.

And there, poor man, give him an eider-bed ;
And lay him softly, so he need not wake
Till sleep shall give him to himself again.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An apartment. RICARDO propped on pillows in an easy-chair.*

RICARDO.

Still must I hear, forever hear those tones?

“Oh! oh! help! help!” he cried. “O, you vile wretch!”

Nowhere I go but this curst theme goes with me:

No music strikes my ear but these wild notes

Dance to the tune like maniacs. O God!

The very clocks take up the horrid burden,

The innocent birds repeat it. Would I might pray!

But ah, could any prayer of mine be heard?

No, not in Hades! Hark! what noise is that?

O foolish nerves, why will you tremble so?

In every paper I can see a warrant,

In every bush an officer. But O,

Thank Heaven, thus far, at least, I'm safe! Safe: ay,

But what of that? What one thing have I gained

But to be stretched forever on this rack,

Displumed and all unstarred? What have I done?

My hopes I have exchanged for fears; my thoughts

Bartered for apprehensions; my bed of down

Have made a couch of thorns. Well, well, faint heart,

Some hope lies in hereafter. It may be
The blade of Anderton showed him to sleep
And not my dagger. It is possible.

Enter BENDIX.

So, then, you've come.

BENDIX.

Yes, I have come at last.

RICARDO.

The doctor almost hinted I should die :
I have a little property in Spain,
Else I might go more easy.

BENDIX.

And why so ?

RICARDO.

I hate to leave my only friend behind me.

BENDIX.

Ah, think you then I am your only friend ?

RICARDO.

Friend ? fiddlestick ! Friendship and egg-shells, cat !
It is my property I mean, not you :
Mine for my life, but then some scurvy rascal's
Who knows not me. O, by the Lord, old man,
Had I this thing in *pesos*, all my own,
I'd will to you a trifle !

BENDIX.

And no more ?

RICARDO.

No more ; and that much on condition, only,
Two honest fools would go along with you,
Scale old Vesuvius, and swear they saw
The balance of my fortune stowed therein
Deeper than Erebus.

BENDIX.

That's all you love me ?

RICARDO.

That's more than all.

BENDIX.

If you have means, good sir,
Why not dispose them better ?

RICARDO.

So I will.

Find me a rake whose running wheels to hell
My funds will spin.

BENDIX.

What then ?

RICARDO.

Why, he shall be
My sole residuary legatee.

BENDIX.

And by your leave and favor, I am he.

RICARDO.

Most delicate, most rare old cormorant,
I hope to see you hanged before I go !

BENDIX.

Most excellent Ricardo, till this hour
I've borne your sneers and gibes like any dog,
But now look to it that I bite you not !

RICARDO.

How dare you wag your dirty tongue at me ?

BENDIX.

By this I dare :—Bryan still walks the earth.

RICARDO.

What foolish lie is that ? But I could wish
'Twere true.

BENDIX.

Ah yes, most excellent Ricardo !
And since you mean the breathing, living Bryan,
The gallant and the very noble form
Beloved of women and admired of men,
Whose precious drops your thirsty steel drank up—

RICARDO.

Outrageous, lying traitor, what will you now ?

BENDIX.

Since him you mean, well may you wish it true !
It is not Bryan, but his ghost that walks.
And at your back he stands, dressed as he was
That night.

[RICARDO, *terrified, looks behind.*

RICARDO.

Fool ! dog insane ! Why come you here
To sow my mind with horrors ? I doubt not
Your guilty soul can see more ghosts than one :
Your monstrous crimes have turned your sickly
brain ;
But, by the Cross, if any law is here,
You'll take your spectres to another market !

BENDIX.

And something more substantial bring to yours,—
The robust evidence of flesh and blood.
You little dreamed that from the arbor, there,
Sharp eyes looked out when that black deed was
done.

RICARDO.

When Anderton—

BENDIX.

When you—

RICARDO.

When Anderton—

BENDIX.

When you, I swear, and I will thunder it :—
When you, Ricardo, cruel as a fiend,
Sent Bryan into darkness.

RICARDO.

Who dares unloose this lie ?

BENDIX.

No matter who !

RICARDO.

O God, were I but well, could I but stand
Strong as a child, I'd cut it from your throat !

*[Drawing his dagger, he totters toward BENDIX, and, in
the act of striking, falls as if dead.]*

BENDIX

Now might I end him, and the world should say
He did it ; but maybe the inky stream
Is crossed already ; yet, if not, this proves
It will be soon. I will retain my purpose :
The snake shall turn his tooth upon himself.

[Exit.]

Re-enter BENDIX leading POOR PARLOW.

BENDIX.

So, so, boy ! Do you see this man ?

POOR PARLOW.

That's the long-cloak man. Is he still, too ?

BENDIX.

Ha, ha, boy ; perhaps he is !

POOR PARLOW.

Where's the short dagger ?

BENDIX.

Does that look like it, boy ? *(Showing dagger.)*

POOR PARLOW.

Yes, but he drove the short dagger with his heel, this way, into the ground !

BENDIX.

Ha, ha ! Did he ? This way, boy ! The long-cloak man has ears. Come with me to the garden !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Servants.

*

FIRST SERVANT.

Good gracious ! Here's the Baron flat on his face !

SECOND SERVANT.

Dead is he ? Feel his pulse ! No, he still breathes ! It is a fit. Let's put him on his bed ; then go for doctors ! Undo his neckerchief ! There ! Now lift, lift, I say ! (*They place him on the bed.*) Do you stay here, while I run for the doctor.

FIRST SERVANT.

Perhaps he's dead.

SECOND SERVANT.

Suppose he is ?

FIRST SERVANT.

I mean—perhaps I'd better go. Somehow you know, I don't exactly like this. I'm not afraid, you understand, but possibly it might look better if I went.

SECOND SERVANT.

What a ridiculous fool you are !

[*Exit.*

FIRST SERVANT.

O well, then, go along : I'll stay ! (*Approaches*
RICARDO.) Gad, I don't like this ! Halloa ! (*Goes*
nearer.) Halloa ! Good gracious, I'll not stay here !
[*Runs out.*

RICARDO (*unconsciously*).

Not I ! O no, not I ! Bendix it was !
Let go my throat ! Bryan ! Bryan ! hands off !
(*Waking and springing up.*) Ha ! Gone ? O damnèd
dreams, night after night !

Thump, coward, thump ! Who says I have no heart ?
Dreams, you will kill me ! I cannot wink without
you !

Now 'tis a wolf with Bendix' treacherous grin,
Now Bryan's ashy face, his horrid stare,
And his ten fingers dripping : and that other—
No matter what—but rather would I see
A thousand Bryans ! Yet how is this ? Where am I ?
And where that Bendix ? Is it possible
I dreamed all this ? Ah no, it was no dream !
The precious villain dares to threaten me.
But give me strength once more ! This cunning
doctor
Has dared to whisper I shall not live long :
I'll show him.

Enter CHARTERIS.

So, then, you think me dangerous ?

CHARTERIS.

In danger, certainly, as all men are,
And something more than most.

RICARDO.

Do I not eat
And drink and walk and sleep as others do ?

CHARTERIS.

I hope so.

RICARDO.

How then ?

CHARTERIS.

It is not every ailment
That spurns at food and drink, or even sleep :
These things may be companions to disease.

RICARDO.

Pshaw ! Talk that way to monkeys and to girls,
Things of weak brain ! 'Tis true all men must die,
And all be saved or lost, I with the rest ;
But not before this will of mine's in dotage.

CHARTERIS.

You'll have no medicine, then, and no advice ?

RICARDO.

Why yes, I will have both : but, sir, for God's sake,
Don't torture me with any thoughts of death !

CHARTERIS.

And yet, to some, death is a wished-for angel.

RICARDO.

Faugh ! To me it is damnation.

CHARTERIS.

Well,

We all have notions ; but no more of this !
And I must ask you to forego this theme,—
Yes, and all others that excite the brain,
Or you will run great risk.

RICARDO.

What did I tell you ?

Still do you blow my cerements in my face ?

Caramba ! While you talk, this firm-closed earth
Seems to my mind a hollow graveyard yawning :
I hate your gallipots and all your tribe.
It was not sin, it was the devilish doctors
Brought death into the world.

CHARTERIS.

Good-evening, sir.

[*Exit.*]

RICARDO.

And you, too, gone ! All melts ; all is discandied :
I am a sinking ship ; my rats fly from me.
But this is not the worst : that is to come.
O, could I close on Bendix ! Ah, there was
A time I might have made him sing ; but now
I am a dwarf, my spear a feeble rush ;
While he, gigantic, stalks along the world,
Armed with my ruin. O thou bastard fortune !

Could I but buy him off ! I cannot kill him :
That way too far, already ! But I can fly :—
No, that would be confession ! O my brain !
'Tis in a whirl of everything and nothing.
“Sharp eyes looked out when that black deed was
done”—
Those were his words. Whose eyes ? Where does
he get
His evidence ? It is a lie cooked up :
He has no jot of proof. It's possible
The idiot saw, but what is his tongue worth ?
Ha, ha ! not lost ! not lost !

SCENE II.—*Washington. A private walk bordered by a garden-wall.*

Enter YORK.

What a curse is business ! What a double curse
when your friends' needs depend on it ! Were this
my matter I am on, how soon would I roll me into
yonder beer-shop ! Hang business ! Would I might
rather drown it ! How like a planet I am : business
my frigid zone, abstinence my temperate, and raging
thirst my torrid ! I'm the globe itself, and yonder
beer-shop is my sun. Centripetal force draws me to
it, centrifugal force pulls me away. Here come two
jolly tars to circumnavigate me. Sail ho !

Enter ROSS and RICARDO.

RICARDO.

Let me lean upon you ! I ought to be in my bed, and I will thank you to see me home.

ROSS.

You do look pale.

YORK.

Poor mariner ! not sick, I trust !

RICARDO.

Something quite like. I've come to tell you there's no hope, absolutely no hope, of seeing the lady. It must be insisted on, besides, that our dear friend remain alone, where he is ; and for fear he will not, let me beg you to return to him at once !

YORK.

This news will go near to break his heart ; but if it's best he stay longer, even now I'll bid you farewell. Gentlemen, I must revolve.

RICARDO.

Good-day, sir, and a safe journey !

[Exit YORK.]

ROSS.

As to Bendix, then—

RICARDO.

I tell you it has not come time to cast him. We

must have patience. Hold my arm firmly : I find myself unsteady.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter EUDORA, BLANCHE, and LUCINDA.

BLANCHE.

Why, surely, that is Mr. Ricardo yonder.

EUDORA.

Pray, do not let him hear ! 'Tis almost night,
Lucinda ; and if those fine herbs of yours
Grow in this garden, and are worth the pains,
Now is the time to gather them.

LUCINDA.

No, child ;
We must await the moonrise ; and besides,
It needs no small amount of ceremony
To pull these leaves just as they should be pulled.
I hope there'll be no clouds upon the moon.

BLANCHE.

As if the moon put virtue in the plant !

EUDORA.

But so these herbs will make me sleep again,
I'll not be dainty : I will ask no questions.

BLANCHE.

Small hope I have in them. I never knew
One single soporific half so potent
As mere society ; but sad to say,
Small-talk's a medicine you do not relish !

EUDORA.

Else, maybe, I had not so gladly shunned,
Just now, your friend Ricardo, though, indeed,
He's bragged a perfect wit.

BLANCHE.

Ah, very bright !

LUCINDA.

A proper man as ever put on shoes ;
But he's 'not half as gay as he was once.

EUDORA.

Lamenting his good friends, no doubt.

Enter CHARTERIS.

CHARTERIS.

I'm glad
You're walking. Right ! quite right ! One way it is
To dreamland.

EUDORA.

It used to be, but is it now ?
Ah, doctor, I have sought a hundred roads
To that far country.

CHARTERIS.

My dear child, do not
Give up ! When hope's lost, all's lost. So you like,
I'll walk along with you.

BLANCHE.

Most gladly, doctor.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A room in Peyton's house.*

Enter ANDERTON.

ANDERTON.

Still may I hope, for but an hour ago
The clouds ranged in black armies, till no more
Was any smile of heaven upon the earth,
And beauty dreamed of sorrow : but, even then,
The Sun-god bounded forth full-armed, elate,
Majestical, with all his banners flying.
So, groping in deep night, through fearful seas,
Upon a trice, the noble tract of ocean
Blazes afar with phosphorescent flame,
Distinguishing the ship and making glad
The mariner.

Enter YORK.

York, York ! most welcome York !
Dear friend, you've risked your very life for me !
And she—my lady—is her message “Come !” ?
And what her health ? But why do you not speak ?
You saw Ricardo ?

YORK.

Yes, and tried to see
The lady, but the lady could not be seen.

ANDERTON.

In all the world you've missed the fairest sight.
O, why did you not see her ? Why not hear

That voice? Have I not told you, time after time,
When she is gone, the world can have no more?
Her beauty sums all graces in the word:
She's purer than a dove; her eyes more tender
Than young gazelles'; her motion more becoming
Than any swan puts on; her hair the gift
Of no one but Hyperion to the earth;
Her mind like fire upon Olympus burning.
But is she well?

YORK.

Not well, indeed, nor ill:
So says, at least, your friend: but since that night—
God knows I grieve to tell you—will not hear
The syllables of your name.

ANDERTON.

Not hear my name?
No, York, some villain has dared wound my name
In her sweet presence and been silenced for it;
Your slander comes of that. Did I not tell you
To put no faith in any but the doctor—
Unless Ricardo?

YORK.

I did not see the doctor;—
Only Ricardo; and 'twas from him I had it.

ANDERTON.

O, this infernal maze! He told her all;
And knowing all, she knows me innocent.

YORK.

He told her, but she would not credit him :
That very night the story was abroad
How, in a raging storm of jealousy,
You had made off with Bryan ;
And that same lie was floated through the land,
On all the seas of ink.

ANDERTON.

This is far worse,
This is far worse than any worst I dreamed.
But where then was Ricardo ? Where was he ?

YORK.

Struggling to breast this roar ; and that so fiercely,
His friendship was unveiled ; and what he did,
Not only undid, but himself marked out
For an accomplice. So, indeed, he told me.

ANDERTON.

Poor fellow ! Heavens, York, what a crash of evils
Comes thundering in the train of one mistake !
Look at me ! Where, in what curst part of me,
Am I this fool—head, heart, or pineal gland ?
Or foul knot of my nerves ? or did some fiend
Ply me from hell to take that horrid gage ?
My duty is to pray to have no friends ;
Nor any love ; or better still, to fly
Out of the world, where I can no more bring
On those most precious the most bitter sorrow.
York, be no more my friend, but hate me rather !

Bosom the viper first ! love wolves and bears,
Death is whose worst embrace ! What do you say ?
Me, say you, they have made a murderer,
And me not only, but Ricardo too ?
Him I can save ; so then, here is farewell !
My fate and I must meet in Washington.
Would that I loved you less !

YORK.

Now, now, cheer up !
Before it's made, this journey must be talked,
And talked, too, over certain pints of wine.
What most men do in haste is most ill done,
And they who walk may distance them who run.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter JIM and AFRICAINE.

JIM.

Well, Affy, I jess hear Mass York say he's gwine away. I'd like to be gwine wid him.

AFRICAINE.

He's nuffin but a red-nose brandy-jug, anyhow.
Don't leave me, Jim !

JIM.

I likes Mass York.

AFRICAINE.

An' sposin' you's a demijohn, he'd like you too.

JIM.

Dere's only one man in de whole blessèd world I

likes, and dat's Mass York. He fights on de udder side, he do ; and I's a-gwine wid him, I tell yer.

AFRICAINE.

You'll be shot.

JIM.

I's not gwine in dat capacity.

AFRICAINE.

You'll be hung.

JIM.

I's not gwine in dat capacity, needer.

AFRICAINE.

How den is you gwine ?

JIM.

I's gwine as Jim.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PEYTON and ANDERTON.

PEYTON.

No, Anderton, not fifty thousand cannon
Should roar that notion out of my old head ;
For I was born to it ; and I'll die by it :
My best allegiance to my State is due :
You think not so ; and these two propositions
Now stuff the air with smoke, groans, fire and thunder :

And so, in one sense, we are enemies,
But in a better we are noblest friends.
Throughout this war, till now, my house has been

The unchallenged refuge of poor luckless devils,
On either side. This may not last ; and therefore,
To save you from a risk of sudden search,
Here by the mantel is a secret spring :
Press with your finger, thus : out flies this panel ;
Behind it you will find quite room enough,
Sufficient light, good breathing, wine and water :
Once in, remain there till I call your name ;
Push, then, the panel, and you're out again.
Now, for a while, I leave you ; and meantime,
Discover to yourself this hiding-place.

ANDERTON.

Peyton, I think some grief is in your heart ;
Say what it is, and have my sympathy !

PEYTON.

I have been much disturbed ; and by to-morrow
May let you know it ; but just now must leave you.
[Exit.

ANDERTON.

Not kinder to me was my own good father !—
The spring he tells me of is here, I think.

[At his touch a panel opens and discovers a picture-frame.

What's this—a picture ? I have blundered, then ;
Some other spring commands the hiding-place.
A picture ? No, perhaps 'tis but a frame ;
And what is in it, merely tapestry.
Cobwebs, your pardon ; I must brush you off !

[Tapestry falls, discovering a picture.

Eudora ! O perfection of Eudora !
Even as you thrilled me on the day we met !
O, speak to me ! say only that, my dove,
Which even now is trembling on your lips !
How sweet ! By Heaven, he is a liar who tells me
That you no longer love me ! Saint of my life,
Could I believe this false, detested story
I'd die here on my knees ! O dearest angel,

Enter PEYTON.

If but your shadow can so still my heart,
How more the radiance of your loving self !
[*Sees* PEYTON.]

So soon, my friend, to find so bold a sinner
(*Rising*) Quite prostrate, here, petitioning for grace !

PEYTON.

To find, indeed, so furious a lover
Gone mad upon a pair of painted eyes !

ANDERTON.

Yes, it is true ; for I would not deceive you,
Even if I could :—I know not how this picture
Came here ; nor when ; nor if this lovely face
May be to you related ; but I know
So much of beauty and so much of goodness
Never before to any limner sat
Since Eden's lakes mirrored the grace of Eve.

PEYTON.

That may you safely swear. O Anderton,
If you but knew the child !

ANDERTON.

If I did not,
Then had you never met the most unhappy
And the most happy man of all men born.

PEYTON.

Her name—

ANDERTON.

It is Eudora.

PEYTON.

She is my niece.

ANDERTON.

Thank God, she is my love.

PEYTON.

Why, Anderton,
I had not dreamed of this ; but I have wished it :
She is my daughter, too, by dear adoption ;
And by that token you shall be my son.
My son ? O friend, if you would have it so,
Then with all speed get you to Washington
This very morning I received a letter
Of my child's illness.

ANDERTON.

Do not speak of danger .

PEYTON.

I fear it much. They say she does not sleep,
Or, if she sleeps, it is for moments only.

ANDERTON.

That is most grave ; what such a state may mean,
Something I know ; and she—so delicate,
So fine of brain— Peyton, I dread the worst :
Which horse ? I go at once.

PEYTON.

But arm yourself :
Wear that you now have on ; it will betray
To neither North nor South. Sleep by the sun,
Ride by the stars ! I, too, shall go ; and nothing
But stronger will than mine shall keep me back.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An anteroom in the house of Madam BLANCHE.*

Enter CHARTERIS, BLANCHE, and LUCINDA.

BLANCHE.

I do not understand.

CHARTERIS.

Imagine, then,
This brain of ours to be a kind of mill,
And sleep to be the quiet artisan
Who mends the gear : well, then, while every wheel
Of this imaginary mill's in motion,
The quiet artisan—sleep, as I said,
Can by no means get at the gear to mend it.

BLANCHE.

But, doctor, she still sleeps ; Eudora sleeps
At intervals ; or so I have believed :
For Heaven's sake, do not say that she must die !

CHARTERIS.

Your pardon, madam, but these words of yours
If she should hear, might fill her with foreboding !
Talk not of death until the body-guard
Of therapeutics fail ! Meantime, suppose
We hear that Anderton yet lives.

BLANCHE.

If so,

What then ?

CHARTERIS.

It is not easy to be clear :
The love they bore each other was that kind
Which knows and dreams of nothing but its object.
Sound by that love the depth of her despair,
Thinking him dead, then tell me if the joy
To learn his living eyes yet long for her,
Might not the rather feed the perilous fire
Than flatter it away.

BLANCHE.

My hope would be
The sovereignty of bliss might cure despair.

CHARTERIS.

It is not that we have to remedy ;
It is the state brought on by it ; the fear of food,
The morbid action, the morbid waste ;
Whereby, at last, the all-directing brain
Has been quite lost even to his own control ;
Resembling well enough a noble horse,
The leader of his herd, whom some alarm
Has whirled across the plain with all his comrades,
Till, on a sudden, full before his eyes,
A vast gulf yawns ; and nothing now stands worth
But such a leap as desperation only
Dare dream of. (*Singing heard.*) Listen !

EUDORA (*singing without*).

They knew that she would sleep no more
Save in the valley lone;
And so all night they carried her,
And she did make no moan.

Still wondering how so fair a maid
Might think herself to blame,
These four and they who followed them
Into the valley came—

CHARTERIS.

It's too much like her fortune : it comes home.

EUDORA (*singing without*).

“ O heaven, he was a glorious youth ! ”
The gentle maid then said ;
And when they would have answered her,
Lo, the sweet thing was dead !

BLANCHE.

I fear this melancholy grows upon her.

CHARTERIS.

God help the child !

EUDORA (*singing without*).

And now where blooms the earliest rose,
How silently she lies ;
Dear girl who in the valley sleeps,
And wakes in paradise !

LUCINDA.

If that verse be the last, it has at least
A Christian ending. But there's one she sings,
The story of a maid in Tripoli,
Who fairly died with loving.

CHARTERIS.

Has it been
Her practice to sing songs of this complexion ?

BLANCHE.

Only of late ; and yet, as I remember,
She did so in her childhood.

CHARTERIS.

I like not that :
But let me ask you to retire a while,
And on your way inform the poor, sweet girl
Her doctor would be glad to speak with her.

BLANCHE.

I've thought if she might have her bed set up
Where she could hear the organ still repeating,
Hour after hour, some delicate harmony,
It would be soothing to her ; and so, I pray you,
Do not oppose it !

CHARTERIS.

No, I will not.

[*Exeunt* BLANCHE and LUCINDA.]

* *Enter EUDORA.*

You are most welcome, child : this very moment
I sent for you. I do not like to hear
These cloud-compelling songs you sing, Eudora.

EUDORA.

I was Eudora, once ; what am I now ?
Heaven knows what I am now.

CHARTERIS.

But should it prove
Dear Anderton yet lives ; would you not be
Yourself again ?

EUDORA.

O, look me in the face !
Tell me if you believe it possible
Our Anderton is not where spirits are !

CHARTERIS.

No, child, I think he stays this side the curtain,
Some day to comfort us.

EUDORA.

O, should it be,
What happiness !

CHARTERIS.

And yet I almost fear
To tell you that I almost know he lives.

EUDORA.

Ah, that "almost" !

CHARTERIS.

But be prepared for it :
Think you may see him ; think so for my sake,
For in the train of that sweet thought may come
Sweet sleep !

EUDORA.

I'll try to think so, doctor.

[*Exit.*

CHARTERIS.

Poor child ! Scarce could she speak to me for tears ;
But her lips' quivering and her eyes revealed
The gratitude in her celestial heart.
It is the time fixed for the consultation :
I have no faith in it ; nature is too shy
Of us deep fellows. The two oldest fools
In the world are medicine and pathology.

[*Exit.*

Enter ANDERTON.

ANDERTON.

The silence of a shroud is in this house.

EUDORA (*singing without*).

Sighing, still sighing
Upon the desert shore!
He will come no more
Whose nest is in the tree;
My bird is flying, flying
Away from me.

ANDERTON.

Her own dear voice ! But ah, what imports that !

EUDORA (*singing without*).

He will come no more—

Enter EUDORA.

ANDERTON.

At last ! at last !

EUDORA.

Why, doctor, I thought you gone,
And yet—

ANDERTON.

Doctor I'm none ; but let me be
Better than doctor !

EUDORA.

Anderton !

ANDERTON (*embracing her*).

The gods
Be thanked, I am no other ! Blessedness,
O thou sweet blessedness, thus cling to me
Forever !

EUDORA.

Where are we ?

ANDERTON.

We are in heaven.

EUDORA.

When did we come ? how did we come ? And yet
No matter, now, since we are here. Ah me,

How base that earth which we have left ! Why,
dearest,

They told us, there, that you had killed some one !

ANDERTON.

O God, and has it come to this ! (*Aside.*)

EUDORA.

Why, no,
My darling, can it be that we should have
A room so like my aunt's, here, up in heaven ?—
And yet this ivy and these orange-flowers—
Too sweet they are for earth ; is it not so ?
And what is yonder, darling ? Is it not
The amaranth, the imperishable flower ?

ANDERTON.

Angels be over us ! (*aside.*) But your good aunt,
Your good, kind aunt, is she not here ?

EUDORA.

She may be—
O yes, for there she comes !

ANDERTON.

Pray, sit you down,
Your strength is failing. (*Assists her.*)

EUDORA.

Thank you ! Without your help,
I should have fallen. These ills of earth, I wonder
They do not leave us.

Enter BLANCHE.

BLANCHE.

Can I believe my sight ?

ANDERTON.

I may have changed ; but I am Anderton.

BLANCHE.

The doctor has long looked for you.

EUDORA.

The doctor !

And has he also quit that naughty world ?

ANDERTON.

(*Aside.*) O madam, hear you this ? But let me
whisper !

Knew you her mind was touched ?

BLANCHE.

I do not think it :

But I have feared for her.

ANDERTON.

It is too true.

Her brain's all wildered ; and she thinks herself
In heaven.

BLANCHE.

Is it possible ? So much unstrung !
To-night the doctors will consult ; meantime,
It may be well to humor this conceit :
Were all the world thus rapt, 'twere heaven indeed ;
Pity they are not.

ANDERTON.

So then, speak to her !

BLANCHE.

Eudora, the first thing to do in heaven
Is to find peace and rest. Your Anderton
Is wearier perhaps than even we ;
And I have just commended him to sleep :
Our duty, therefore, is to say, " Good-night !"
We, too, must sleep ; and they have here a music
So exquisite, it steals through all the senses,
Like a soft balm ; and Anderton shall go
Where he can hear it ; and so must you and I.
To-morrow, darling, we shall all be rested :
Come, dear, lean upon me, for I must lead you.

EUDORA.

I could not think to leave my Anderton
So soon, though only for a little while,
But that in Heaven, here, we have endless time
Before us. Yet, indeed, how very strange
What is around us looks almost the same
As our own home ! But does not this agree
With Swedenborg's relation ?

BLANCHE.

Very like !

EUDORA.

And I am glad, most glad to find it so ;
For nothing can be dearer than our home,
However homely. To-morrow, said you not,
We shall be rested ? Ah, how sweet it is

That we can still be talking of "to-morrow" !

Good-night, dear love ! When we were on the earth,
"Good-nights" were sadder, for the "good-nights"
there

Were not so certain followed by "good-morrows."

Good-night !

[*Exeunt* BLANCHE and EUDORA.

ANDERTON.

Good-night !—O God, have I caused this !

No, no : it was not I, it was the fool

Within me struck the blow ;—thus to be pitied

Much more than blamed ! And O, ye Powers above,

Will ye not pity me ? Was it not you

That sowed in me this weakness to say "yes,"

This fatal complaisance to do the thing

I hated, and in one most damnèd hour

Unprop and tumble on my wretched head

The skies that smiled on me ? O then, have pity !

Not for myself I ask, but only her :—

Save her ! Do simply that, and as for me,

Let fall what ruin may !

O Thou, the architect of that rare form

Templing her immortality ; O Thou,

Who touched her eyes with light from paradise,

And on that lovely as a seraph's brow,

Floated her glorious curls— Save her, O God !

O, let her journey with sweet life along

Down through some golden vista of old age,

That all the world may know her as she is,

And thank Thee for her in the years to come !

O, save her !

SCENE II.—*An apartment. After midnight.*

Enter RICARDO.

RICARDO.

My health, my spirits, and my best of hopes
To make this marriage are come back together :
For Bendix, I will have his regiment
Sent where the bullets fly,—and let me pray
One slug, at least, may have engraved upon it
His cursèd name ! There is a way to this.

[Knocking heard.]

Who can that be ? All's in my throat again.
Out, light ! No, no, they'd notice that ! What then ?
Where is that holy book ? for I'll be reading :—
So, so : ah, what a pious, pious man ! (*Opens it.*)
“Thou shalt not”— Pest ! Must everything in-
form me
Just what I am ? (*Throws down the book. More
knocking.*)

O sharper than sharp knives,
Those knocks ! Who's there ?

PEPS (*without*).

I, sir !

RICARDO.

That sounds like Peps.

Enter PEPS.

PEPS.

Your title I forget, sir. Pardon me !
That scoundrel has come back.

RICARDO.

What do you mean ?

PEPS.

'Tis Anderton I mean.

RICARDO.

Come back ! Good Heavens !
How know you that ?

PEPS.

He's now with Madam Blanche.

RICARDO.

What will you do ?

PEPS.

Lord knows—

RICARDO.

Ah, man, have courage !
Here is *aguardiente* ; what you call
Spirit, my worthy Peps. Here, sir, is courage ;
Take it along with you !

[PEPS takes the bottle and exit. Noise without.

Enter YORK dragging PEPS by the collar.

YORK.

Good thief ! sweet thief ! O, lovely thief ! Here's
the rascal that would have robbed you, sir. Half

the bottle already gone ! A veritable brandy-lifter ! The highest kind of larceny ; for to sneak away with your brandy is to carry off the very fortress of the soul !

RICARDO.

Ah well, 'tis a disease he has ! * Let him go !

YORK.

Go, miscreant, but leave the brandy !

PEPS.

I do not know you, sir. You will settle this with— I forget your title, sir. I have no time.

[*Exit.*

YORK (*drinking*).

Fear no more the hangman !

RICARDO.

The hangman ! Sir, I do not comprehend you :

YORK.

I told Anderton your story ; whereon he swore your reputation should be safe, let come what-might ; and, sir, for your sake he is here.

RICARDO.

Go, instantly ! Tell him I'm already safe ; but as for him, he must be gone ! *

YORK.

His mind's made up. He takes no counsel.

RICARDO.

But I have arguments. Keep to him till I join you.

YORK.

I'll see.

[Exit.

RICARDO.

I have deserved this coil. 'Twas I alone
Made Anderton believe my name was clouded.
What comes he now to do? If, in good faith,
To clear me, the first word he speaks will fling
Suspicion on me. Ah, but does he come
For that? And does it stand to reason? Is it
Less like he thinks to steal away himself
Under the cover of this very cloud?
One hour must make or mar me. I fear much
All hopes of mine here end. Small chance there is
This Peps will cut the knot; and should he fail,
I may require some weapon not my tongue.

[Opens a drawer.

Gone, by my soul! not even a penknife here!
All snatched! Thieves, blackamoors, all thieves!
Why, even my very daggers have turned traitors,
And they, too, quit me!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*An anteroom in the house of Madam BLANCHE.*

Enter BLANCHE.

BLANCHE.

Her hands are folded ; and a heavenly calmness
Lies on her lips ; and patience on her brow :
She sleeps. The spirits are her ministers :
She seems half-glorified : how sweet she sleeps !
The anxious lamps burn low with tender light ;
No buzzing insect comes ; the very winds
Are far away ; the stars look down in ruth.
Linger, O Sun, thy rising, lest she wake !
How sweet she sleeps !

Enter LUCINDA.

LUCINDA.

Sleeps ? Do you say she sleeps ?
O Madam Blanche, it is her last, last sleep !

BLANCHE.

What is this folly ? 'Twas but now I left her ;
Cease wringing of your hands ! There is no cause.

LUCINDA.

The doctor told me : he has found it so.

BLANCHE.

You did not understand ;—but let us go !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHARTERIS *and* ANDERTON.

CHARTERIS.

Ah me, that you had never known each other !
Would I might comfort you ! but no, I cannot :
It was the loveliest flower in all earth's garden.

ANDERTON.

It is the end.

CHARTERIS.

Had you but come before !
She thought you dead : that thought has been her
death.

Enter PEYTON.

Until to-night I never knew what grief was,
Nor felt I had grown old.

ANDERTON.

It is the end.

Enter PEPS.

PEPS.

Villain ! (*Aims a pistol at ANDERTON : is disarmed
by* PEYTON.)

ANDERTON.

Give him his pistol ! Give it back !
I killed his master.

PEYTON.

Yes, but in a duel.

ANDERTON.

I say I killed his master. O my friends,

If you have any spark of pity for me,
Give him his weapon !

Enter RICARDO and, opposite, two Officers.

FIRST OFFICER.

We have come—

ANDERTON.

I know

For whom you come ; it is for Anderton,
And I am he. I sacrificed poor Bryan ;
But here is one who, if he had his will,
Would pay me with a bullet.

FIRST OFFICER.

We arrest you—

Enter BENDIX.

BENDIX.

Let go that man ! Here is the honest fiend,
This the good wretch who did it. (*Pointing at*
RICARDO.)

ANDERTON.

No, no, 'twas I !

RICARDO.

Vile, bounty-jumping beast, do you not hear him ?

ANDERTON.

O Bendix, do not wish to save my life !
You do me wrong, not knowing it, good Bendix.
To you life may be sweet ; for me, I hate it :

An hour ago it was a precious thing ;
Now 'tis a curse ; and nothing's worth to me
But the grave's peace ; and that peace I will have,
Though I must rush for it on the cannon's mouth.

BENDIX.

For God's sake, do not die till I have shown
This monster stabbed poor Bryan ! Do not die
Till I have cleared your name !

ANDERTON.

You cannot. It was I that struck the blow,
And here I kneel and with my raised right hand
I swear it ; and will no one be avenged ?
No man ?

BENDIX.

And here I kneel ; and here I call
Heaven's lightning and hell's fire upon me
If I do not most honestly believe
What I now dare to prove.

RICARDO.

The man is mad.

BENDIX.

Bring in that boy !

Enter DICK with POOR PARLOW.

RICARDO.

Come, gentlemen, I protest !
'Tis bad enough when traitors are accusers,
Far worse when idiots are their evidence.

SECOND OFFICER.

But let us hear !

BENDIX.

You shall. Know, then, 'tis true
There was a duel between Bryan and Anderton ;
'Tis true that Bryan fell ; that Anderton
Was fool enough to fly. But what came next ?
Boy, look at this ! (*showing a dagger.*)

POOR PARLOW.

Ha, ha ! Short dagger, that !
It is the long-cloak man's. When shall we have
More music ? Hoot ! Give it me ! Ha, ha ! So !
This was the way he did it. (*Stabs himself.*)

BENDIX.

Hold, boy, hold !

POOR PARLOW.

No, soldier-man ; 'tis music-night, I think.
The long-cloak man did so ; and then the other
He cried out " Oh ! oh ! oh !" (*Partly falls.*)

CHARTERIS.

Is it possible ?
He has not wit enough to know what death is.

FIRST OFFICER.

But he will soon be there ; we must be quick—

SECOND OFFICER.

Or hear no more. Who was the long-cloak man ?

POOR PARLOW.

Why there he is, you fool, you—not to know
The long-cloak man ! Ha ! ha ! (*Points at RICARDO.*)

BENDIX (*to Officers*).

What say you now ?

POOR PARLOW.

I say, look at me, for I'm going to be
The still-man.

CHARTERIS.

God, there's matter in all this !
Where were you, boy, that night ?

POOR PARLOW.

Don't scold me, sir !
I hid me in the leaves to hear the music.

DICK.

Dat's true ; I let him in dere.

CHARTERIS.

Was the moon shining ?

POOR PARLOW.

Bright ! bright ! bright !

CHARTERIS.

You're sure this was the dagger ?

POOR PARLOW.

The cloak-man drove it in the ground ; I found it,
And then I drove it back.

PEYTON.

This very one ?

POOR PARLOW.

Yes, yes ! But hold me, sir ; I'm awful tired !

[CHARTERIS *and* PEYTON *assist him.*

ANDERTON.

Poor fellow !

POOR PARLOW.

That music ! O, that music ! (*pointing above.*)
[*Dies.*

BENDIX.

He's dead.

ANDERTON.

O boy, would I were in your place !

FIRST OFFICER.

Go your own way to it, then, for I release you.
(*To RICARDO.*) What is your name, sir ?

RICARDO.

It is not your business.

SECOND OFFICER.

We make it ours and hold you prisoner.

PEPS.

I beg your pardon, Captain Anderton ;
I wronged you. As for this black dog of hell,
If the law kills him not, I will !

Enter YORK.

ANDERTON.

Ricardo,

I know not what to think. Some days ago,
I sent to you a messenger : you told him—
Eudora—

CHARTERIS.

Since your grief so chokes you, captain,
I'll speak. You told him, sir, that she—his lady—
Refused to see my friend ; refused to hear
Even the name of Anderton.

RICARDO.

I did not.

YORK.

I was that messenger.

RICARDO.

I never told you—

CHARTERIS.

Do I speak truth ?

YORK.

You speak the truth.

CHARTERIS.

And further,
You gave it out that Anderton was dead,
Knowing he lived.

BENDIX.

And guess you with what purpose ?
It was to marry her who's now above us ;
For that same reason he made off with Bryan.

ANDERTON.

These charges, be they true or false, Ricardo,
Even so Heaven deal with you ! And yet I know not
If Heaven be just : I thought so, once ; but now,
All's dark ; and I see nothing but two graves.
O Bendix, if you tell the very truth,
Why does the lightning linger ? Were such deeds
mine,
I should expect the solid earth to gape
And swallow me to its hell. No, no, good Bendix,
It cannot be that any man so vile
Dare give his face reflection in the glass,
Or rest his gaze on any innocence
In nature ; nay, he could not bear to live
With his own kind ; but he would seek some cave
Where wolves inhabited, where serpents hissed,
And herd with them ;—yet no, for these would be
Less horrible than himself ; and he would find
No pleasure even in the serpent's den ;
Down, down, still farther down the wretch must go,
Even to the twisted fiends.

[Exit.]

BENDIX.

(To RICARDO.) Dost like the picture ?

RICARDO (*to Officers*).

Lead me away !

BENDIX.

Ah, ha ! you blench, then ?

RICARDO (*snatching the pistol from PEYTON*).

Slave—

Another word and I will seal your lips !

[PEYTON *recovers the pistol*.

BENDIX.

Ay, do so, and sink deeper in hot brimstone !

Ay, get you down, good man ! Why, gentlemen,
This wretch has hopes to circumvent the devil.

[*The folding-doors are thrown open, discovering, wreathed with flowers, the form of EUDORA, laid out in an adjoining room. Candles burning. Enter ANDERTON from the room mentioned, pausing on the threshold ; also BLANCHE.*

But soft ! upon your knees !

[YORK and BENDIX *kneel*.

BLANCHE.

(*Her hand on his arm.*) Nay, Anderton,
It has not come the proper time to speak ;
Not even has the day been yet appointed :
Forbear till then !

ANDERTON.

Till then ? Forbear till then ?
And where shall I be then ? Is Heaven so cruel
To let me live so long ? Is there no man
In all this Washington who loved poor Bryan ?
For, if there be, here stand I, weaponless,
And he's a coward if he dare not end me—
Ingrate and base, unfit to be a friend.
I did believe in friendship ; but no more,
If neither Bryan owned one, nor yet I :
You, York, and Peyton, you behold me here,
My light gone out, the lamp that lit my life
Here lying quenched,—but O, still burning there,
And waiting for me ! You behold me wretched,
Past earthly comfort and in love with death,
But no one helps me yonder. O, farewell, then,
Thou bubble, friendship ! Welcome, only, love—
Which, all of mine's in heaven ; and I must find
 thee,
In my own way ! And now you have my mind :
Look not to thwart me ! If you follow me,
But with the blaze of arms, or dealing swords
Or daggers, look you to your own fair lives,
For you will know me dangerous !

[Approaches the body.]

O thou sweet rose !
Art grown so pale to hear ? and cannot speak ?
And that dear smile must be in earth so soon !
O, it will all illuminate the grave
And rob away the darkness ! Those blest hands—
Are they not praying still ? The violets,

The pansies in their time, and all good flowers
Must love you where you lie, and bend their heads
With doting on you. There, too, shall I come,
Eudora, there to stay with thee forever :
The same beams of the sun shall smile on us,
The same rays of the moon, the self-same stars ;
And every breeze that blows across your grave
Will make the grasses tremble upon mine.
Kiss me good-night ! How much, how much I loved
thee !

[Exit. The folding-doors are shut.]

YORK.

I take upon myself to follow him.

CHARTERIS.

Let us consider ! True it is, if life
Were not a burden to him, our good part
Should aid his keeping it. How best to do this,
Were still a question ; and I greatly doubt
If seeming to fall in with his desire
Be not the surest means of thwarting it.

PEYTON.

I think that way. Besides, in my opinion
Death would be happiness.

YORK.

You shall be judge.

FIRST OFFICER.

We must commission you to have this boy

Brought to the coroner's. For the prisoner, here,
We answer to the court.

[*Exeunt Officers with RICARDO.*]

CHARTERIS.

Sad night ! sad night !

This mat will serve to carry the poor boy
Into the street.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body.*]

SCENE IV.—*Shore of the Potomac. Morning twilight.*

Enter ANDERTON and Boatman.

ANDERTON.

And so you will confess you hear me speak,
Yet cannot hear that voice on the other side
Which bids me come,—that more than earthly voice ?

BOATMAN.

No, stranger, I can hear no voice but yours
And mine.

ANDERTON.

Now, hark, for there it is again !

BOATMAN.

I do not hear it.

ANDERTON.

I'll no longer parley :
Unmoor your boat ! If you will go with me,

Why, well ; if not, here's that will ten times pay
The loss of your poor craft.

BOATMAN.

But, sir, I fear—

ANDERTON.

You need fear nothing, sir, but me alone :
Therefore, unloose ! Here is your money, sir.
Give me the oars !

*[Boatman takes the money, gives up the oars, and steps
down to unloose the boat.]*

Hark ! there it is once more !
Yes, yes, Eudora, yes : I come ! I come !

[Steps into the boat and rows away.]

BOATMAN.

Upon my soul, I half believe this man
Is nothing less than some deserter ! Ho, there !
But what care I ?

ANDERTON.

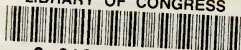
Farewell, good friend ! farewell !
Your boat, sir, will unload in heaven ! Good-bye !

THE END.





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